

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1939.



**A FAMILIAR SIGHT AT PORT SAID: NATIVES COALING SHIP AT THE MEDITERRANEAN GATEWAY TO THE SUEZ CANAL, ON THE BOARD OF WHICH ITALY DESIRES TO BE REPRESENTED.**

In a broadcast to the nation on March 29, M. Daladier, the French Prime Minister, replied to the speech made by Signor Mussolini in Rome, on March 26, in which he stated that the problems requiring settlement between Italy and France were Tunis, Jibouti and the Suez Canal. M. Daladier denied that the Italian Note of December 17 last year contained any mention of these problems, as Signor Mussolini

had stated, but simply informed the French Government that Italy regarded the 1935 Treaty as out of date. He then said: "We will not yield an acre of our land or a single one of our rights." In view of the interest which these speeches have created, we give on this and the following pages photographs of the Suez Canal, with which Great Britain is vitally concerned. (René Zuber.)





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

BY the time these lines appear it will be Easter Eve and spring. At the time of writing them a cold wind is blowing out of the desolate north-west, and England, that usually bears so fair and gentle an aspect, has a bleak and strained appearance that is almost alien to her. The subtlety and tenderness and humorous changeableness that is so characteristic of this land has gone out of her: there is no colour anywhere to be seen but in the ugly outline of some modern red or yellow brick house, its untuned garishness emphasised by some kindred quality in the hard, uncompromising wind. At such a moment one might almost fancy England part of the unbroken plains of Muscovy, as once it was in some far grim ice age beyond the memory of man.

Yet soon all will change. This day of cold and harshness will be succeeded, as is the manner of things English, by a soft day, with a wind from the south or west, and the earth, after its parching by the northern mistral, thirstily sucking vapour out of the clouds. Mist will lie in the valleys and shafts of sunlight give promise of the coming hues of the vivid grass, and the trees, ready now to burst into life, will wear a mysterious tinge of dull copper-red over their wintry greys and blacks. It will still be cold, but all bitterness will have gone out of the atmosphere. In the town the pavements will glisten and the dust of March be laid by beneficent showers of rain, and the early flowers in the parks will no longer seem to mock the passer-by behind his turned-up overcoat. And perhaps by Easter the sun will be shining warmly, and we shall be saying that spring is come back with her world-wandering feet, and be basking in the thought of the long summer evenings that lie ahead and of glorious days, when our holidays come, on the moors or by the sea.

Unfortunately, the assurance of our coming happiness is not so assured as that. For, as I write, there is not only wind blowing out of the east. There is a threat as well. It is the threat of steel—of steel instruments of war and steel men, made grim by a history of hardship and casting angry and covetous looks at our peace and security. It will take more than a south wind to melt that threat or a sunny day to warm that icy chill between nation and nation. With our divided councils—the price we pay for our freedom in peace time—we have lost many opportunities in the past of easier remedies than those that now may lay before us. As in the past, nothing can absolve us from the penalty of old follies but our own sacrifices.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story, The path of duty was the way to glory. Nor shall we fail to make them. For all the talk of the doubters, our people are ready. If we are threatened, we shall meet iron by iron—by iron of our own making and tempered by the wind of our freedom. If anyone imagines that he can make the English give way to threats, he is a poor hand at reading our history. He will have to destroy us first. The national character has no more changed now

than it had—as many foolish prophets supposed—in 1914. We love pleasure and we love to be at peace. But we know how to lay pleasure aside, and, if need be, peace also. It may be that by doing so we shall win peace at the eleventh hour, and by doing so save not ourselves alone, but the world, from its own blind self-destruction and folly. We owe it to the world, I think, to do so, for we must bear our share in having contributed to that folly in the past. Our demagogues have cost us a good deal. But, if it comes to the point, there is no likelihood of our refusing to pay the price, and to the last penny.

That is the expression of what may well seem a grim mood, though it is one that almost every Englishman—be his love of peace never so great—shares. Should it mean, therefore, that Easter is this year without significance? That, being in the iron time, we cannot

At the time they must have seemed to many words of despair. And yet, as the events showed, there was no need of despair, nor was there any in the poet's mind. Sadness he knew, and the sense of coming danger. But his faith in his country was unshaken, and he knew that if winter came spring would follow one day in its turn.

That is the message of Easter to those who walk in the shadow. The great Christian feast, and the coming of spring with which it coincides, are reminders that nothing human endures for ever, and that if our earthly joys and treasures cannot last for ever, neither can our afflictions and sorrows. We are reminded on this day of how He who, through no fault of His own, was visited with all the suffering that mortal body and mind can endure, passed through His season of agony into triumph. Everything in

this transient existence is relative: victory has no meaning save as the corollary of defeat, peace save as that of conflict, joy save as that of grief. One cannot have one without the other. We can afford to take a full look at the worst, knowing that its ugly shape marks a necessary stage in our pilgrimage: it merely proves that we have got so far along the road we were intended to travel. And Easter reminds us—more appropriately this year than ever—that our Saviour also passed along this way by the same dark place, and, enduring it, heard the trumpets sound for Him on the other side. And rose again and ascended into Heaven.

So however dark the political clouds may seem this Eastertide in this year of grace 1939, we can share in the gladness of the great festival and be happy, too, in the return of spring—that return which men have welcomed in all the troubled years of our planet's history and will continue to so long as it endures. We pray that the storms that threaten us will pass, but if they do not, we are reminded how we can face and weather them. Twenty-four Easters ago, at the end of the first winter in the trenches, a young English officer, outsoaring the shadow world in which he found himself of mud and frost-bite and bursting shells, wrote of his gladness at the sight of returning spring:

The naked earth is warm with spring  
And with green grass and bursting trees  
Leans to the sun's blazing glorying  
And quivers in the sunny breeze.

Nor did that reviving warmth, so strangely in contrast to his surroundings, give him any pang of regret—only joy. He had had everything in the past that life could offer, and he was glad to give—as a few weeks later he did—his life into the hands that had created alike him and his joy, secure in the knowledge that beauty and spring were immortal, and that he, in his transient mortality, was part of their immortality.

To mute and to material things  
New life revolving summer brings;  
The genial call dead Nature hears,  
And in her glory reappears.  
But oh, my Country's wintry state  
What second spring shall renovate?

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth,  
Speed with the new foot winds to run  
And with the trees to newer birth  
And find when fighting shall be done  
Great rest and fullness after death.



A SHIP IN THE DESERT: THE SOMEWHAT INCONGRUOUS APPEARANCE PRESENTED BY A LARGE LINER WHEN PASSING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

The Italian claims on France include a demand for representation in the management of the Suez Canal. The British Government holds seven-sixteenths of the shares, which had an estimated value last year of £46,396,999, while on the board of management there are one Dutch, ten British, nineteen French, and two Egyptian directors. Three of the British directors represent the British Government and the remainder represent the shipping and commercial interests of Great Britain. The Suez Canal was opened in 1869 and has a total length of 101 miles. Its minimum width, at a depth of 33 ft., is 196 ft. 10 in., and the maximum draught of water allowed for ships using the Canal is 34 ft. At a distance large vessels have the appearance of steaming through the desert. (René Zuber.)

keep the feast as we should otherwise have done, and that spring itself has no meaning? One recalls with sombre sadness the words that Scott wrote in 1806, mourning the twin loss of Nelson and Pitt and the defeat of the Allies at Austerlitz, and looking forward with apprehension and justice to a long period of national struggle and sufferings:





REGARDED BY ITALY AS A PROBLEM OF A COLONIAL CHARACTER WHICH FRANCE MUST SOLVE: A SECTION OF THE ONE-HUNDRED-MILES-LONG SUEZ CANAL, SHOWING THE ITALIAN DESTROYER "LEONE" IN TRANSIT.

In view of Italy's claims on France in connection with the Suez Canal, it is interesting to recall that the French Government owns no shares in the Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez, which is an Egyptian company. It is, however, largely French for purposes of administration. In 1938 over 3000 British vessels, with a net tonnage of 17,357,000, passed through the Canal as compared with the second largest user, Italy, with 984 ships of 4,625,000 net tonnage. France, with 260 ships

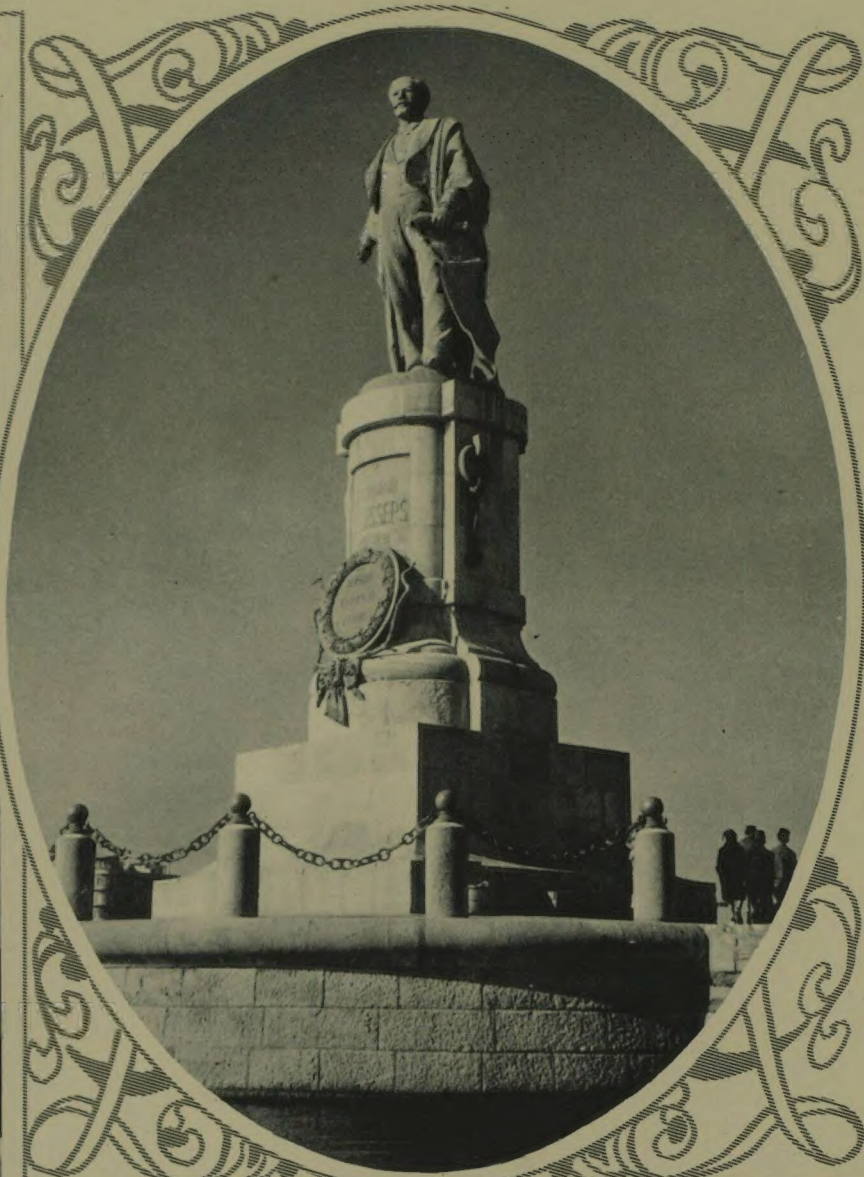
of 1,748,000 net tonnage, was fifth. In the same year 153 warships and transports of various nationalities passed through the Canal. Our photograph shows the Italian destroyer "Leone" in transit, the average time taken being 11 hours 31 minutes. A convention signed in 1888 exempts the Suez Canal from blockade, and vessels of all nations, whether armed or not, are allowed to pass through it in peace or war. (Rend Zuber.)



# THE MEDITERRANEAN GATEWAY TO THE SUEZ CANAL: PORT SAID HARBOUR.



THE OUTLET TO THE MEDITERRANEAN FROM THE SUEZ CANAL: A VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR AT PORT SAID.



A MEMORIAL TO THE BUILDER OF THE SUEZ CANAL: THE STATUE OF M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS ON A PIER IN THE HARBOUR.



SHOWING THE BUILDINGS OF THE CANAL COMPANY (ON RIGHT): A VIEW ACROSS THE ENTRANCE OF THE HARBOUR AT PORT SAID.



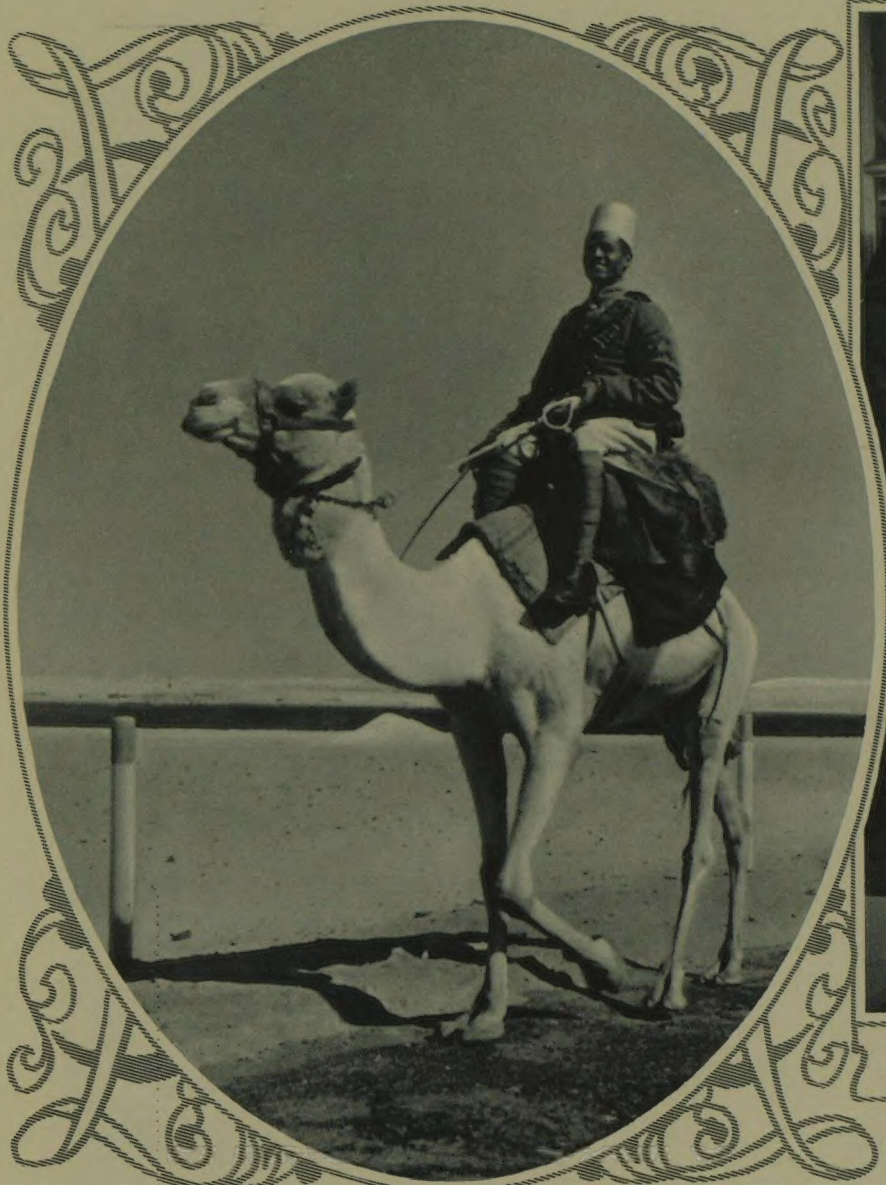
M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS' ROOM PRESERVED INTACT AT ISMAILIA—THE MAIN CENTRE OF OPERATIONS DURING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CANAL.

The builder of the great waterway which connects Port Said, on the Mediterranean, to Suez, on the Red Sea, is commemorated at Port Said, where a statue of him stands on one of the piers in the harbour. It was unveiled by the Suez Canal Company in 1899, thirty years after the completion of M. de Lesseps' great work,

and stands on a pedestal 34½ ft. high. The statue itself is 22½ ft. high. At Ismailia, the main centre of operations during the construction of the Canal, de Lesseps' room is preserved exactly as it was when he occupied it. The Canal was begun in 1859 and opened to traffic in 1869. (René Zuber.)



# THE SUEZ CANAL: BRITISH DEFENCE FORCES AND ITS ADMINISTRATION.



THE DEFENCE OF THE CANAL ZONE: INSPECTING A MAP AT HEADQUARTERS DURING THE ANNUAL MANŒUVRES OF BRITISH MILITARY UNITS.

GUARDING THE BANKS OF THE SUEZ CANAL: A SOLDIER OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY'S CAMEL CORPS ON PATROL IN THE DESERT.



THE CANAL PILOT BOARDS A SHIP BOUND FOR SUEZ AT PORT SAID AND IS RELIEVED BY ANOTHER PILOT AT ISMAILIA, WHO TAKES THE VESSEL TO THE RED SEA PORT.



A LINK IN THE SYSTEM CONTROLLING VESSELS PASSING THROUGH THE CANAL: A BLACKBOARD BEARING THE NAMES OF SHIPS IN TRANSIT.

The Suez Canal Zone is defended by units of the British Army in co-operation with Egyptian forces and there are also several R.A.F. aerodromes in the vicinity. The progress of a ship through the Canal is carefully recorded and her position can be located at any time. Each ship pays 5s. 9d. per ton on Suez Canal tonnage and

5s. 9d. per passenger, except for children, for whom the charge is 2s. 10½d. In view of Italy's claims regarding the Canal it is interesting to recall that when the Company was formed 52 per cent. of the capital was subscribed by private individuals in France and only just over half per cent. in Italy. (Rend Zuber.)



# JELlicoe's FAMOUS FLAGSHIP STILL OF GREAT SERVICE TO THE ROYAL NAVY: THE EX-BATTLESHIP "IRON DUKE" AS A SEA-GOING GUNNERY TRAINING-SHIP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS.



ENTERING A GUN-TURRET BY THE LOWER HATCH: THE CREW OF A 13.5-IN. GUN HURRYING TO THEIR ACTION STATIONS.



AN ALTERNATIVE MEANS OF ACCESS TO A GUN-TURRET: THE GUN-CREW AND THEIR INSTRUCTOR ENTERING BY THE UPPER HATCH.



THE HANDING-ROOM ABOARD H.M.S. "IRON DUKE": SEAMEN LOADING PRACTICE CORDITE IN QUARTER CHARGES INTO THE MAIN CAGE FOR THE GUNS.



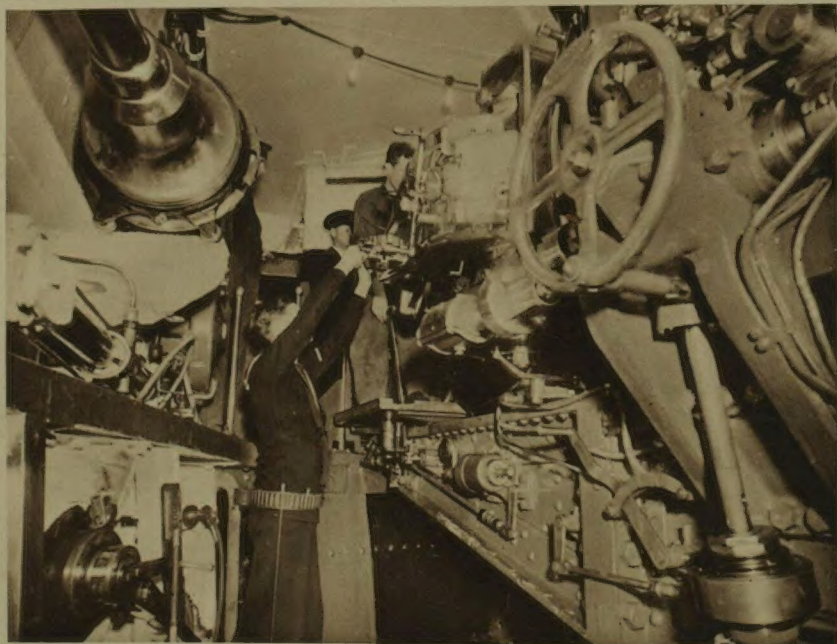
THE GUNHOUSE: THE GUN-LAYER ELEVATING THE GUN—WHICH HAS REVERTED TO LOCAL CONTROL—AS HE PICKS UP HIS TARGET.



IN CONTINUOUS COMMUNICATION WITH THE TRANSMITTING STATION BY TELEPHONE: THE CABINET'S CREW IN THE GUNHOUSE RECEIVING ORDERS DURING GUN-DRILL.



ON THE FORE-BRIDGE OF H.M.S. "IRON DUKE": THE CREW OF A SMALL RANGE-FINDER OBTAINING THE RANGE OF A DISTANT TARGET.



GUN-DRILL ABOARD THE "IRON DUKE": INSERTING A NEW ELECTRIC FIRING-TUBE IN THE BREECH-BLOCK AS THE GUN IS RELOADED.

The ex-battleship "Iron Duke," famous as Lord Jellicoe's flagship in the Grand Fleet during the Great War, is still of great service to the Royal Navy. She was demilitarised under the London Naval Treaty in 1931-32 and two gun-turrets, belt-armour and torpedo-tubes were removed and her boiler power was reduced

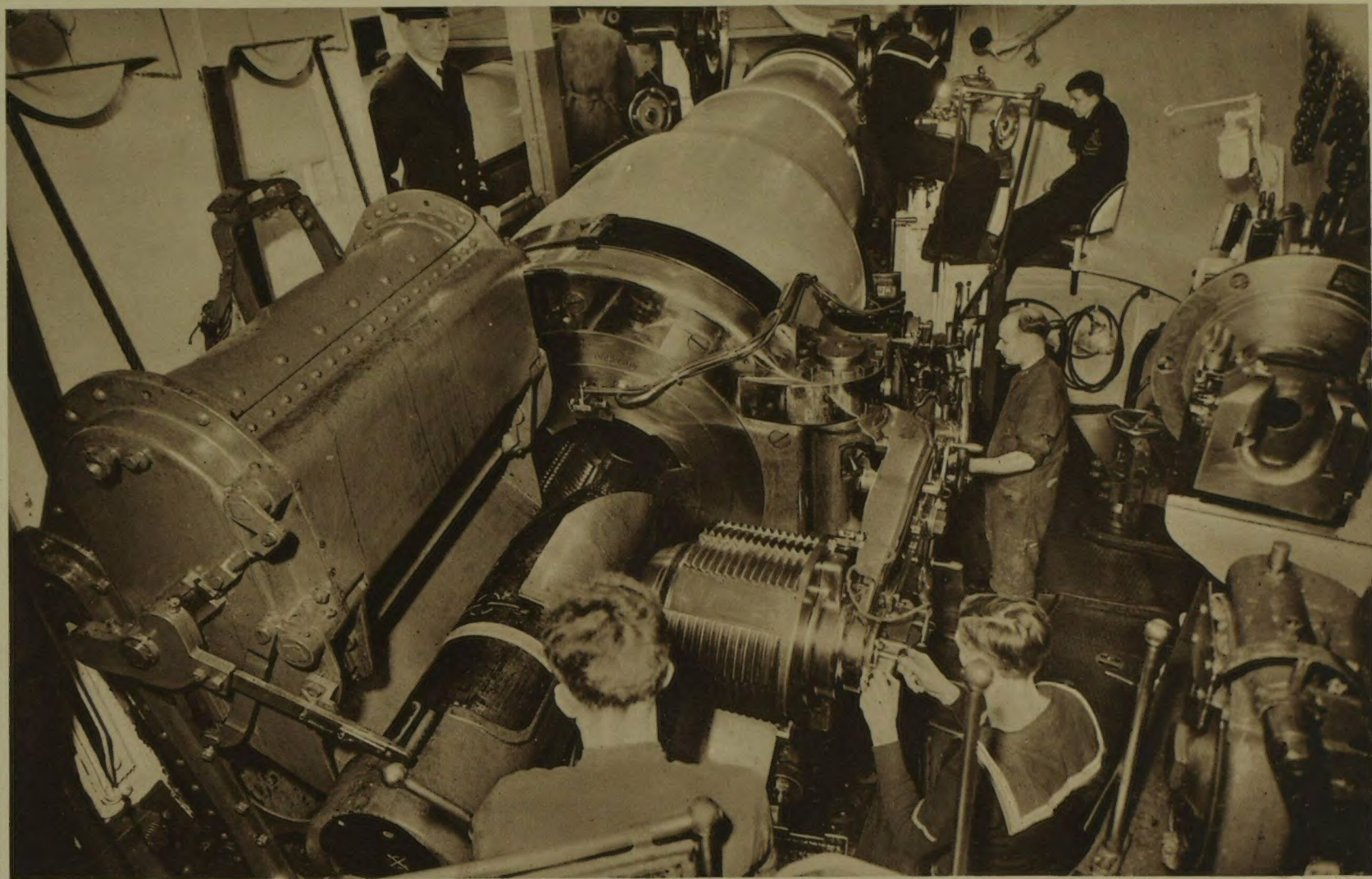
so that she now has a speed of 18 knots. The "Iron Duke's" present armament consists of six 13.5-in. guns and twelve 6-in. guns, and she is employed as a gunnery training-ship. Nowadays she only puts to sea for firing practice. The 13.5-in. guns fire a projectile weighing over half a ton and can be fired

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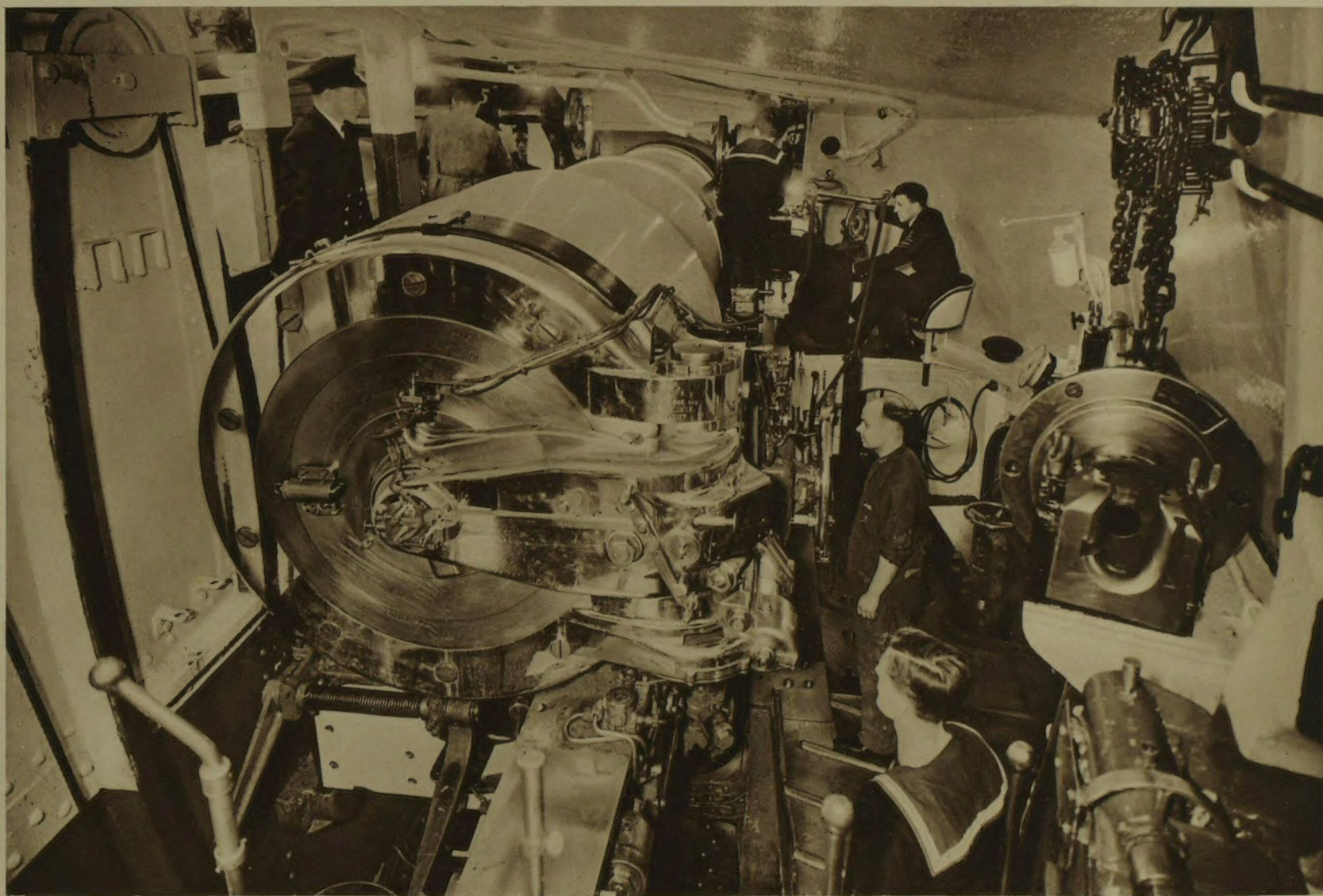


# NAVAL GUNNERY-TRAINING: FIRING A 13.5 GUN ABOARD THE "IRON DUKE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS.



TRAINING NAVAL GUNNERS ABOARD H.M.S. "IRON DUKE": A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A SHELL ON THE LOADING-TRAY ABOUT TO BE RAMMED INTO THE BREECH OF A 13.5-IN. GUN WHILE THE CORDITE CHARGE IS STILL ENCLOSED IN THE CAGE ABOVE IT.



THE GUN READY FOR FIRING: THE BREECH IS CLOSED ON THE SHELL AND CORDITE CHARGE, WHICH IS DETONATED BY A FIRING-TUBE INSERTED IN THE BREECH-BLOCK BY THE MEMBER OF THE GUN-CREW SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND ON RIGHT.

*Continued.*

electrically or by hand-operated mechanism. As a rule the guns are fired from the upper control position and the gun-crews merely reload the piece and lay the gun according to orders received from the control officer, but the crew are always prepared to work the gun should it revert to independent control. The

shell and the cordite charge are rammed into the breech by a mechanical rammer and a firing-tube (similar to a blank round of rifle ammunition) is inserted in the breech mechanism. The tube is fired electrically or by percussion, and the flash detonates the cordite charge.



## AN EASTER ATTRACTION AT THE LONDON ZOO: MING, THE

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY

## BABY GIANT PANDA, WITH HER PLAYMATE; AND BATHING.

OF GAUMONT-BRITISH NEWS.



1. MING, THE BABY GIANT PANDA IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, FINDS HER NEW COMPANION, A WELL-TRAINED ALSATIAN, RATHER TOO PLAYFUL.



2. MING RETALIATES WHEN THE ALSATIAN ATTACKS AGAIN: THE BABY GIANT PANDA BRINGING A BLACK PAW FORWARD IN A GREAT SWIPE.



3. THE ALSATIAN ELUDES MING'S CLUMSY ATTACK AND THE GIANT PANDA ROLLS OVER FROM SIDE TO SIDE ON THE DEFENSIVE AGAIN.



4. FEELING "PUNCH-DRUNK" AND OFFERING NO RESISTANCE: MING OVERWHELMED BY THE SWIFT ATTACKS OF THE ALSATIAN, WHO THOROUGHLY ENJOYS THE GAME.



5. AS THE ALSATIAN DARTS IN TO SEIZE HER BAR, MING ATTEMPTS TO OBTAIN A WRESTLING-HOLD WHICH THE DOG EASILY AVOIDS.



6. THE FINAL PHASE OF A FRIENDLY STRUGGLE: MING UNFAIRLY GRAPPLES WITH THE ALSATIAN, NOW HELD HELPLESS ON A LEAD.



7. "IS THE WATER COLD?" MING LOOKS UP QUESTIONINGLY AS SHE PREPARES FOR HER BATH—A FEATURE OF HER REGULAR ROUTINE.



8. CAREFULLY TESTING THE TEMPERATURE OF THE WATER WITH HER PAW: MING BALANCES PRECARIOUSLY ON THE EDGE OF HER BATH.



9. DELIGHTED WITH THE FEEL OF THE WATER, MING SPLASHES WITH HER PAW, WHICH SHE MOVES BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS AS IF ROWING.



10. THE BABY GIANT PANDA IN HER BATH: MING BEING WASHED BY A KEEPER, WHO HAS TO PREVENT HER FROM CLIMBING OUT.



11. MING EXPRESSES DISPLEASURE WHEN THE KEEPER WASHES HER NECK: THE BABY GIANT PANDA CROUCHING DOWN IN HER BATH IN DISGUST.



12. "WELL, I'M THANKFUL THAT'S OVER": MING CLIMBS OUT OF THE TUB AND IS READY FOR ANOTHER GAME WITH THE ALSATIAN.

The giant panda, which is confined to the mountains of Tibet and Szechwan, has only within recent years been exhibited in Zoological Gardens. The first was captured by Mrs. Ruth Harkness and successfully taken to America, where it was shown at the Brookfield Zoo, Chicago. Later another specimen was obtained, named Mei-Mei, and the New York Zoo now has Pandora. The first giant pandas to be seen in this country arrived on December 22. There

were five of them, four full-grown specimens and a baby, and it was announced that the London Zoological Society had purchased three of them for £2400. They were given the names of Ming, Tang and Sung. Ming quickly became a favourite with visitors to the Zoo, and already this year the attendance shows an increase of over 7500 visitors compared with the corresponding period last year. She is on exhibition in special quarters in the

Lion House, where she will be joined by Tang. Sung, an adult female, is to be exhibited at Whipsnade. On March 30 the Duke and Duchess of Kent visited the Zoo and spent some time watching Ming's antics. The Duke had seen the baby giant panda twice previously. As the Zoo authorities considered that Ming was inclined to be too lethargic, a well-trained Alsatian was obtained to induce her to take exercise. The two animals now play

together for a short time every morning and present an amusing spectacle, with the dog feinting and then dashing in with a pretence of biting, while Ming defends herself by hitting out with her paws and rolling from side to side. Another feature of Ming's regular routine is her bath. She tests the temperature of the water, lowers herself into the tub and splashes about like a child. Our photographs are from a Gaumont-British news film



## "VANISHING" ANTI-TANK GUNS; AND FLAME-THROWERS: TRAINING GERMAN INFANTRY FOR FIGHTING AT CLOSE QUARTERS.



"DRAGON'S TEETH" SOLDIERS: THE CREW OF AN ANTI-TANK GUN APPEARING OUT OF THE GROUND WHEN AN ATTACK THREATENS, HAVING BEEN CONCEALED IN A PIT COVERED WITH A CAMOUFLAGED CANVAS SHEET.



BRINGING THE ANTI-TANK GUN INTO ACTION: THE CREW HAULING THE WEAPON OUT OF THE PIT IN ORDER TO TAKE UP A POSITION FROM WHICH THEY CAN ENGAGE THE ADVANCING TANKS.



TRAINING GERMAN INFANTRY IN THE METHOD OF ATTACKING CONCRETE FORTIFICATIONS: MEN WITH FLAME-THROWERS FORCING THE DEFENDERS TO CLOSE THE LOOPHOLES, WHILE OTHERS BRING UP EXPLOSIVES, ATTACHED TO LONG POLES, WHICH ARE DETONATED AGAINST THE SHUTTERS.



LEADING THE ATTACKING INFANTRY IN A CHARGE ON ENEMY TRENCHES: A GERMAN SOLDIER THROWING HAND-GRENADES DURING THE ADVANCE—AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE TRAINING IN FIGHTING AT CLOSE QUARTERS.



A BAYONET CHARGE AS PRACTISED AT AN INFANTRY TRAINING SCHOOL IN GERMANY: TROOPS ATTACKING AN ENEMY TRENCH AFTER HAND-GRENADE THROWERS HAVE PREPARED THE WAY FOR THEIR ADVANCE.

The interesting photographs on this and the opposite page were taken at an infantry training school in Germany where specialised instruction is given in fighting at close quarters. The art of camouflaging positions in the field is also taught, and one such method is shown above. An anti-tank gun has been concealed in a pit dug in the open, where it is hidden from aerial and ground observation by means

of a covering consisting of a canvas sheet with a camouflage pattern. When hostile tanks appear on the horizon the covering is thrown aside and the crew drag the gun up a ramp and take up a position in the open to engage the enemy. The construction of concrete fortifications such as the "Maginot Line," the "Siegfried Line," and the French lines of defence in Tunisia, which are all

[Continued opposite.]



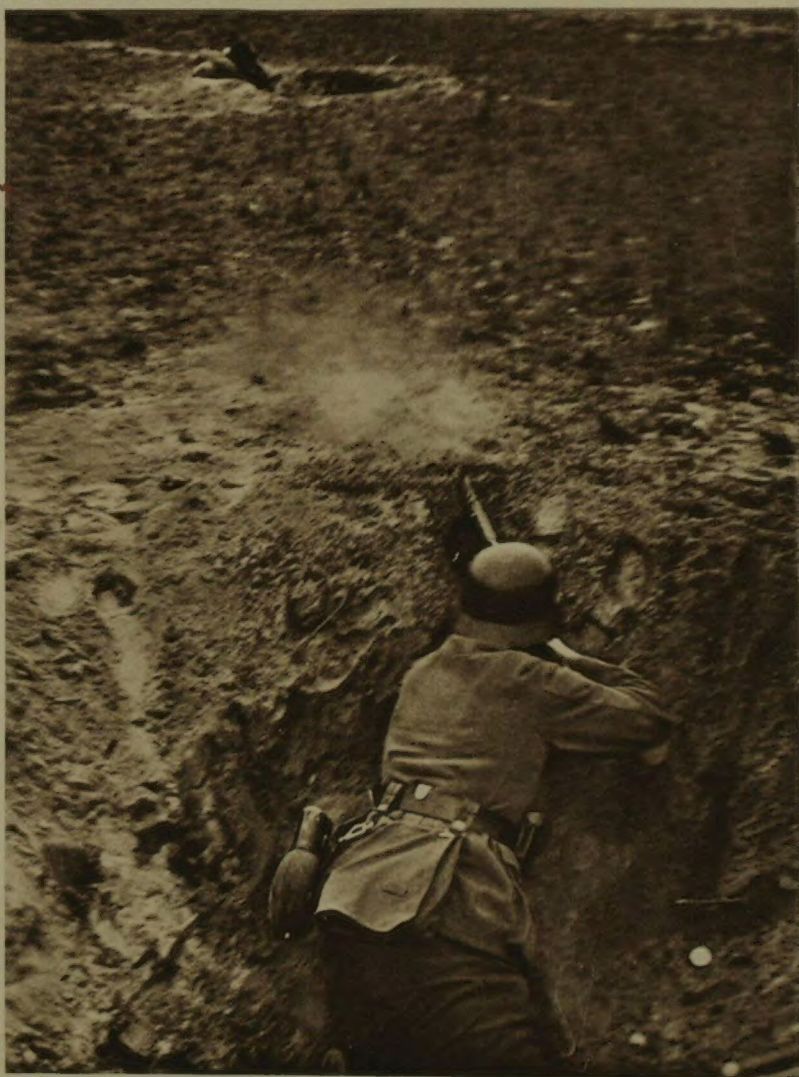
# GERMAN TRAINING IN CLOSE-QUARTERS FIGHTING: REALISTIC PRACTICE.



DISLODGING AN ENEMY FROM A SHELL-HOLE (1): THE ATTACKING INFANTRYMAN, WHO IS 48 FEET AWAY FROM HIS ADVERSARY, SEIZES A HAND-GRENADE AND RELEASES THE SAFETY-PIN.



DISLODGING AN ENEMY FROM A SHELL-HOLE (2): THE ATTACKING INFANTRYMAN THROWS THE HAND-GRENADE TOWARDS HIS ADVERSARY AND THEN QUICKLY BRINGS HIS RIFLE UP TO THE FIRING POSITION.



DISLODGING AN ENEMY FROM A SHELL-HOLE (3): AS HIS ADVERSARY LEAVES COVER AND CLIMBS INTO THE OPEN, TO AVOID THE BLAST OF THE HAND-GRENADE, THE INFANTRYMAN FIRES.



TEACHING THE INFANTRYMAN HOW TO DEFEND HIMSELF WHEN UNARMED AT A GERMAN TRAINING SCHOOL: AN INSTRUCTOR DISARMS AN OPPONENT WITH A TRENCH-KNIFE BY A VERY EFFECTIVE "JUDO" THROW.

*Continued.*  
considered to be impregnable, will necessitate a revolution in the technique of an infantry attack. The German Army has evolved a method of forcing an entrance into this type of fortress by means of flame-throwers. The cupola is put out of action and then the men with the flame-throwers work round to the flank and direct the flame on the loopholes so that the defenders are forced to close them. Immediately their fire ceases special troops carrying long poles

to which explosives are attached leave their cover and rush forward to place the explosive against the closed shutters of the loopholes. The subsequent explosion makes a breach in the wall and the flame-throwers have the defenders at their mercy. Training in hand-grenade throwing is also given at the school both as a means for preparing the ground for an infantry advance and as a method of dislodging an enemy from a shell-hole or rifle-pit.



# MODERN ITALY: HER CEASELESS GROWTH; AND SOME NEW ASPIRATIONS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. F. MORRELL, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S.



THE GROWTH OF ITALY: A PICTORIAL MAP SHOWING THE FRAGMENTS THAT WENT TO MAKE UP THE MODERN KINGDOM; THE MORE RECENT ADDITIONS; AND NEIGHBOURING FRENCH POSSESSIONS NOW THE OBJECTS OF CLAIMS.

It is an unhappy irony that Italy, a country which owes, if not her existence as a modern State, at any rate much of her greatness, to France and England, should drift into an attitude of hostility to her former friends and benefactors, and particularly at the moment to France, to whom she has recently made a series of extravagant demands. It will be remembered that a speech delivered by Count Clano, the Italian Foreign Minister, in the Chamber of Deputies at Rome at the end of last November, was loudly acclaimed by shouts of "Tunis!" and "Nice!" Thereafter claims to Corsica, Tunis and Nice continued to be voiced in Italy. On one occasion large numbers of students marched on the

French Embassy in Rome, shouting for the "return" to Italy of Tunis, Nice and Djibouti. In his speech on March 26, Signor Mussolini himself voiced Italian claims on France when he spoke of Tunisia, Djibouti and the Suez Canal. He did not, however, make it clear how much Italy demanded in these spheres. The map on this page illustrates on the one hand the very small basis for Italian claims in the Mediterranean, and on the other hand the very recent formation of the Italian kingdom itself, which could never have taken place without the active help or tacit benevolence of England and France. On page 606 will be found an article by Mr. Morrell dealing with the historical aspects of this subject at length.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NO brick-bats have, so far,

been hurled at my head by infuriated readers of this page—perhaps because my motto as a reviewer is *toujours la politesse*—but neither do I receive many bouquets. I have just had one, however, which I cannot resist waving in public for a moment, since it justifies my line of approach to this week's batch of victims. Referring to my remarks on "The History of The Times" (Vol. II), in our issue of March 11, a friend of mine who is, so to speak, related to *The Times* by marriage writes: "You have a happy personal touch and, if I may say so, a happy gift of irrelevancy." The personal touch, as a matter of fact, is part of my marching orders, and I am hoping that this recognition thereof will please the C.O. I mention it now because, this week again, I want to begin by being a little personal as well as slightly irrelevant.

One of my earliest contacts with English literature—apart from Alice's adventures—was made through an early Victorian edition of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," with dramatic drawings rather after the manner of illustrated Bibles of the period. (The very same book is in my hands as I write, a precious memento of its former owner.) As a little boy of eight or nine, I used to pore upon the pathetic fate of the albatross and its harrowing sequel. With childhood's logical consistency, I pronounced "Mariner" on the analogy of words I knew, such as the Royal Marines or the Marine Parade. I had not then met Campbell's poem, "Ye Mariners of England," so I thought of Coleridge's crazy old salt as the Ancient *Mareener*. By this roundabout route I arrive at a very different tale of nautical adventure entitled "We Dive at Dawn." By Lieut.-Com. Kenneth Edwards (R.N., ret.). With a Foreword by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, Bt.; 23 Illustrations and 4 Maps (Rich and Cowan; 12s. 6d.). The dedication reads: "To the Sub-Mariners of England." Here at last we reach the point of the apparently irrelevant rigmarole with which I began, and the point is—how am I to pronounce *sub-mariners*? Am I to follow Coleridge and Thomas Campbell, who had never seen or heard of a submarine, or has my childish mispronunciation of the yarn-spinning old sailor at last been justified?

I might not go so far as to assert that, if the author were to buttonhole a wedding-guest on the steps of St. Martin's, Trafalgar Square, and proffer a copy of the present volume, the guest would pause to read it before attending the marriage ceremony. Yet I think it may truly be said that Lieut.-Com. Edwards has a story to tell which, to the majority of modern readers, will probably be far more beguiling than that of the Ancient Mariner. Sir Roger Keyes, than whom there can be no better judge in this matter, says in his Foreword: "Having spent four and a half years in command of the Submarine Service—the last six months after the outbreak of the Great War—I have an unbounded admiration for the splendid body of young officers and men who volunteered for service in submarines. I am glad, therefore, to have been asked to write a foreword to a book which tells such an inspiring and glorious tale of the achievements of our 'sub-mariners' in peace and war." I agree with these sentiments entirely, but I should like to hear Sir Roger express them by word of mouth, as then I should know for certain how to pronounce "sub-mariners."

Why does one never read school prizes? Among a row of well-chosen volumes, sumptuously bound and crested, reposing on one of my shelves, is a copy of Jules Verne's "Vingt Mille Lieues sous les Mers." Although in fiction—adventure or otherwise—I have always preferred the realistic to the fantastic, I should probably have read this book, despite its scholastic origin, but for its being in the original French, a language which, at the time I received it (1884), I could not read rapidly. Anyhow, I never got far beyond the title-page. Not even Jules Verne's vivid imagination can have devised greater thrills than the actual adventures of British submarines in the Great War, as described by Lieut.-Com. Edwards, especially those that took place in the Sea of Marmora, or those which disproved the long-accepted dictum that submarine cannot fight submarine. "Certainly," we read, "the Germans in the Heligoland Bight soon began to operate on the principle of 'set a thief to

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

catch a thief.' . . . Encounters between British and German submarines were inevitable. . . . On [one] occasion E.4 fell in with a German and chased her on the surface almost up to Heligoland. The German was not playing, and steadfastly refused to do so, in spite of provocative signals from Leir, such as 'How many women and children have you killed to-day?' and—in a sort of 'Let's-be-boys-together' tone, 'Gott strafe England!'"

Nature's submarines—the fishes and whatsoever swims in deep waters, whether fish, amphibian, cetacean, or unknown monster—have long been the special quest of a famous American naturalist, who has just added to the list of his delightful books "'ZACA' VENTURE." By William Beebe, Sc.D., LL.D., Director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society. With 24 Illustrations (Lane; 12s. 6d.). Here Dr. Beebe records, with his inimitable zest and humour, his keen eye for colour and structure, and his vast knowledge of ichthyology,

account of all this . . .

in his scientific report of the *Birds of South Georgia*. . . . On a late March day," Dr. Beebe continues, "a pair of these birds followed us all day long. . . . The beat of these albatrosses was a slow and irregular circling of the *Zaca*. Coleridge showed himself a reliable ornithologist when he wrote:

'It ate the food it ne'er had eat  
And round and round it flew.'"

It was rather a shock to read later that, in the name of science, the Ancient Mariner's crime was repeated, not once, but twice, aboard the "Zaca." Not, however, without a certain penalty. "Superstitiously inclined readers," says Dr. Beebe, "may be interested to know that an hour after we had shot the second albatross, we lowered three deep-sea nets to three, four, and five hundred fathoms respectively where the chart showed a depth of twelve hundred. When the wire was reeled in it was quite devoid of nets, rings, and bridles, having evidently landed upon, scraped along, and torn away on some uncharted rock elevation less than three hundred fathoms below the surface.

'God save thee, ancient Mariner,  
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?' 'With my crossbow  
I shot the Albatross.'"

The albatross yields place to another interesting bird, likewise celebrated in literature (by Anatole France's "Île des Pingouins") as one of the star turns on the natural history side, in "SAGA OF THE 'DISCOVERY.'" By L. C. Bernacchi, author of "A Very Gallant Gentleman." With 48 Illustrations and 4 Maps (Blackie; 10s. 6d.). This is a biography of one of the most famous ships in the annals of Polar exploration, built in 1900 for Captain Scott's first Antarctic expedition. There are also biographical notes on the ship's company, including Edward Wilson (destined afterwards to share Scott's fate) and Ernest Shackleton. The author of the present volume, whose father owned Maria Island, Tasmania, had accompanied, as its physicist, a previous Antarctic expedition, in the "Southern Cross." Lieut.-Com. Bernacchi served in the war, and in 1916 was transferred to the anti-submarine division of the Naval Staff at the Admiralty. Doubtless, therefore, he would be an interested reader of "We Dive at Dawn." In his present book he has done full justice to an adventurous subject.

As already noted, the author has much to say about penguins. First describing the voyage south, he writes: "Animal life was everywhere. The albatrosses had vanished, but in their place were the denizens of the ice. . . . When a penguin-hunting party left the ship, the penguins, too, set out at the same time to investigate the strange animals who had invaded their habitat—utterly fearless, for in their experience the only danger was in the sea, where the killer-whale and sea-leopard made banquets of unwary birds. Over the floes they waddled, raising and lowering their flippers in the most ludicrous fashion, until they reached the hunting party, which they encircled slowly, making a critical examination from every angle. They did not know that hidden ferocity existed in the strange beings they surrounded."

Again, later, there is an interesting comparison between conditions at the two Poles in the matter of bird life. "Arctic birds," we read, "are of small average size, and there is almost complete absence of petrels and albatrosses, which are such a feature of Antarctic bird life. No penguins are found in the Arctic and no auks in the Antarctic. . . . All species of penguins are restricted to the Southern Hemisphere. . . . Possessing the manners of a perfect gentleman, the Emperor receives human explorers with great politeness and much ceremony. Waddling up to them, his mode of address is stately, and accompanied by many grave, welcoming bows, until the beak almost touches the breast. Keeping his head bowed, he will make what appears to be a speech in a muttering manner. Could we but understand this earnest talk in its age-old language, it might prove enlightening to those unhappy people who to-day are wallowing in a sea of international and political vexations. The Emperor penguin is not only a strange

(Continued on page 600.)



A DIGNIFIED EXAMPLE OF EARLY-SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SCOTS URBAN ARCHITECTURE AT PRESENT THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION: THE ARCHED ENTRANCE OF TAILORS' HALL BUILDINGS IN THE COWGATE, EDINBURGH, SHOWING THE CARVED INSIGNIA OF THE EDINBURGH INCORPORATION OF TAILORS.

A recent letter to "The Times," signed by the Marquess of Bute, two former Lord Provosts of Edinburgh, and others, revealed that the block of buildings known as Tailors' Hall Buildings in the Cowgate, Edinburgh, had been condemned by the town council as unsafe and was threatened with demolition for road widening. The town council have owned the buildings for fifteen years. Tailors' Hall Buildings were built in 1643-44 of square-cut ashlar and present an imposing example of the architecture of the period. The insignia of the Edinburgh Incorporation of Tailors is carved over the arched entrance. The Office of Works has failed to schedule this, or any other building in Edinburgh, for preservation.

a scientific yachting cruise in and near the Gulf of California, in the 84-ton schooner "Zaca," a cruise which, in his own words, "materialised as the 24th expedition" organised by his department. Of the various marine creatures, including sea-birds, described by Dr. Beebe, the name is legion. Among many others, there were pelicans, singing fish, whale-sharks (hugest of living fish), and burrowing owls. Every day brought some fresh phase of Nature's infinite variety.

About the albatross and its habits, Dr. Beebe has a great deal to say. "The feats of actual flight exhibited by albatrosses," he writes, "are almost beyond the possibility of exaggeration. . . . a single individual bird has been known to follow a definite ship for three thousand miles. . . . One strange thing about albatrosses sets them apart from all their petrel relations: an inexplicable dance between friends. . . . The real courtship. . . . combines. . . . expressions of passion and devotion which are almost human in variety and complexity. Dr. L. H. Matthews, of the *Discovery* Expedition, has written a most fascinating



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE MYSTERY OF GIANTISM.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

CREATURES of large size, such as 110-ft. whales, 80-ft. dinosaurs, elephants and giraffes, are always sure of "a place in the limelight," though the interest in these creatures commonly begins and ends with this impressive massiveness. Yet here we have a theme which may indeed be discussed with profit. To begin with, what makes the whale so much larger than the porpoise; the elephant than the mouse; or the ostrich than the humming-bird? They have none of them partaken of that wonderful bread imagined by Mr. H. G. Wells. Indeed, there are some giants, for, after all, this is a relative term, which, as I shall show presently, "wax and grow

The distinguishing characters of the two sexes may not manifest themselves till maturity is attained. Though both, till now, have partaken of the same food, inherent characters, till now latent, make their appearance. There are what is known as the "secondary sexual characters," like the antlers of the deer, the train of the peacock, or the wondrous plumes of the birds of paradise. Differences of this kind, however, are very commonly seasonal, the gay colours and ornaments being assumed at the courting-season, and discarded at the autumn moult; then a dress is assumed differing but little from that of the female. Here, again, food is not the determining factor. The change is brought about by physiological agencies.

There are yet other, and very striking, changes among animals which manifest themselves in complete transformations of the body, such as occur among the many fishes, and amphibia, for example. The most striking of these are furnished by the frogs and toads, for they emerge from the egg as tadpoles, presenting not the slightest likeness to the adult. They breathe, for example, by external gills, swim by means of a long tail, have no limbs, and have a sucker-like mouth wherein the lips are armed with rows of conical horny teeth, with which they scrape off *conserve* from the stones at the bed of the stream. At the end of the larval period comes a long fast, the mouth being "closed for alterations." By this time the limbs have appeared and the new mouth, of large size, carries a tongue which

be it noted, in the kind of food they eat. The caterpillar of the clothes-moth, as we know to our cost, will thrive on our carpets, clothes and furs; and this without any access to water, or moisture of any kind. But most of them live on plants of various kinds. The gardener suffers much from their raids on his crops and fruit. But some are eaters of wood. The eggs are laid on the bark of the tree, and on hatching, the young caterpillar gnaws his way into the



1. THE LARVA OF THE GOAT-MOTH: A CATERPILLAR WHICH SPENDS THREE YEARS IN A TUNNEL IN THE WOOD OF A TREE BEFORE ENTERING THE CHRYSLIS STAGE; THOUGH THE LARVAL LIFE OF MOST CATERPILLARS IS ONLY THREE MONTHS.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

fat" on what one would suppose must be a most innutritious diet; nevertheless, it must be to their liking, for they thrive on it. The whole organism works harmoniously. Again, it cannot be any size-producing quality in that food, for there are innumerable instances in the animal kingdom wherein the male is conspicuously, and often we may say "vastly," larger than the female, and both have partaken of the same food. The male sperm whale may have a length of 60 ft.; his mate seldom exceeds 30 ft.; and there is a species of gammarus wherein the female is less than half the size of her mate, who carries her about with him, grasped between his fore-legs, as if in case she should get mislaid! On the other hand, there are many instances wherein the female is larger than the male. And the most striking of this kind is that furnished by the deep-sea angler-fish (*Ceratias holboellii*). Herein, the female carries the male about with her, though, strange to say, she may never have seen him, and is certainly unaware of his presence. The union between them is indeed an indissoluble bond. It takes place while the male is still in the larval state, and he has to fasten on the first female that comes near him, and hold there for dear life. Sometimes that grip is taken on some part of the head, sometimes on the belly, just behind the head. Within a very short space of time the jaws which enabled him to get an effective hold fuse with the skin they seized hold of, and an intimate connection between the blood-vessels of the two takes place, so that presently all the nourishment he needs is conveyed to him from her blood. As a consequence, his whole digestive system atrophies, and he becomes at last a mere bag containing the sperm-cells necessary for the fertilisation of the eggs!

can be flicked out of the mouth to capture insects.

Among the invertebrates, we find changes between the larval and adult states still more strongly contrasted; as, for example, in the case of the oyster, among the mollusca. Herein the young leave the



2. THE MALE GOAT-MOTH, WHICH LIVES THE WHOLE OF ITS ADULT LIFE WITHOUT TAKING NOURISHMENT—SINCE ITS PROBOSCIS IS REDUCED TO A MERE VESTIGE.

It is still a puzzle as to how these moths can maintain sufficient energy to sustain their large bodies in flight without taking any nourishment. What seems even more extraordinary is that both sexes of the goat-moth come to the sugar patches painted on trees by the collector, hovering round the feast yet unable to partake!

tree, feeding on the material he cuts away in his progress. Two of the best examples of this kind are furnished by the caterpillars of the goat- and leopard-moths. Now these are both feeding on precisely similar food, but in their size, when full grown, they differ in a most surprising way, for that of the goat-moth is vastly the larger of the two (Fig. 1). But more than this, the goat-moth caterpillar emits a very strong, goat-like odour, distilled from the same material as that of the leopard-moth. What function this serves is unknown. Here, in this dark chamber, it lives for three years or more, before passing into the chrysalis stage, which gives rise to the adult moth. Most caterpillars have ended their larval life in about three months. The back of the chrysalis of the goat-moth is armed with spines, and these seem to serve to thrust the body upwards, levered against the tunnel wall, to the exit; and there is an allied species, still better armed, which is said to be capable of movements up and down the tunnel for a length of 12 inches. But what is the need of such exercise?



3. A GIANT AMONG MOTHS, WHICH YET, LIKE THE GOAT-MOTH, NEVER TAKES ANY NOURISHMENT DURING ITS ADULT LIFE!—THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN GOAT-MOTH FROM QUEENSLAND.

The wing-span of this moth measures fully six inches. It is the most bulky of all the moths, though one or two exceed it slightly in the span of the wings.

egg in the form of minute transparent bodies, mere specks of life, moving freely through the water by the rapid vibrations of hair-like outgrowths known as cilia. Presently, they sink down to the bottom of the water, and produce two shells, between which they live, never to move again!

Perhaps the most familiar of these changes from larval to adult life are those seen among moths and butterflies, which enter upon life in the form of caterpillars, presenting a most surprising range in form, size and coloration, and a no less surprising range,

of the goat- and leopard-moths, we find other singularities of growth. The male is larger than the female, and both sexes have to pass their adult life—which must be brief—fasting, for the proboscis has become reduced to a mere vestige. There are many species of moths in which this is also true, but whence is the energy obtained to sustain such large bodies during the flights they are obliged to make in search of mates? It is plain that the size, then, of these different moths, as well as the beauty of their coloration, is not due to the nature of their food, but to inherent modes of growth.



SCENES FROM THE WEEK'S HAPPENINGS: A TRANSATLANTIC CROSSING; THE BOAT RACE, AND I.R.A. BOMB OUTRAGES.



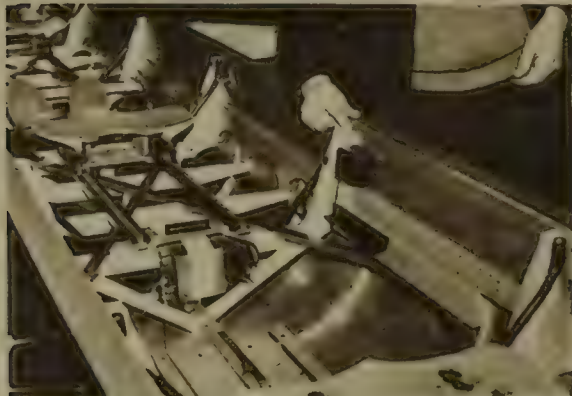
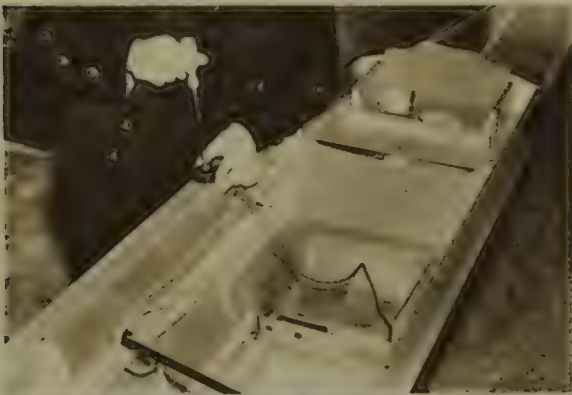
ANOTHER LINK BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE: THE "YANKEE CLIPPER" ABOVE LONG ISLAND ON HER LAST TRIAL FLIGHT BEFORE HER TRANSATLANTIC CROSSING. (A.P.)

The Pan-American Airways' flying-boat "Yankee Clipper," has crossed the Atlantic, arriving at Lisbon on the afternoon of March 30. She had covered the 1200-mile flight over the ocean in just over seven hours, and she carried on board a crew of twelve, and nine passengers—the largest number ever to complete a Transatlantic flight in a passenger 'plane. This number included three officers



DINNER ON THE "YANKEE CLIPPER": THE CHROMIUM AND GREEN LEATHER DINING-ROOM WHERE HOT MEALS FROM THE STEWARD'S GALLEY ARE SERVED. (A.P.)

of the United States armed forces, and three officials of the Civil Aeronautics Authority. With Captain Harold Gray in command she left Baltimore Harbour on March 26 and was due to arrive in Southampton on April 4. The "Yankee Clipper" can accommodate 74 passengers. It will be recalled that a British Transatlantic service is scheduled to start on June 1.



A NOVEL DEVICE TO PREVENT THE COX'S DIRECTIONS TO HIS CREW FROM BEING DROWNED BY THE CROWD'S ROAR, IN THE BOAT RACE: THE PRESS BUTTON (ABOVE) AND THE BUZZER (BELOW) USED BY OXFORD. (L.N.A.)

Cambridge won their forty-eighth Boat Race victory on Saturday, April 1, in 19 minutes 3 seconds. A faster time could not be expected in view of the poor tide. (The record is 18 minutes 3 seconds.) Nevertheless, this time has only been beaten on five occasions—in 1893, 1900, 1911, 1921, and 1934. Otherwise conditions were excellent—no rough water and, on the whole, a helpful wind. Oxford won



CAMBRIDGE WIN THE BOAT RACE: THE SCENE AT MORTLAKE, WITH THEIR BOAT LEADING BY FOUR LENGTHS; THEIR TIME BEING NINETEEN MINUTES THREE SECONDS. (Topical Press.)

the toss and took the Middlesex side; for the first half-minute there was little to choose; but by the minute's end Cambridge had their bows well in the lead. By the time Harrod's Repository was reached, a close race was clearly impossible, and Cambridge finished with a lead of four lengths. A large crowd watched the race which seems to have lost none of its popularity.



BOMB OUTRAGES THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN DUE TO THE I.R.A.: (LEFT) THE TWISTED STEELWORK OF HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE, FOLLOWING AN EXPLOSION WHICH SHATTERED WINDOWS IN HOUSES HUNDREDS OF YARDS DISTANT; AND (RIGHT) THE SMASHED SHOP WINDOW OF A SHOE SHOP IN THE EDGWARE ROAD. (Photos., Planet and Topical.)

We illustrate here further bomb outrages which have recently disturbed London. That on Hammersmith Bridge occurred in the early morning of March 29; that at an Edgware Road shoe shop on April 1, at 3.50 a.m. The latter, which occurred within a few hours of the conviction of seven terrorists at the Old Bailey, was one of five attacks between midnight and 6 a.m.: (12.37 a.m.) "News-Chronicle" offices in Fleet Street; (1.35 a.m.) in Park Lane; (3.2 a.m.) a large furniture shop in Tottenham



Court Road; (5.30 a.m.) the shoe shop illustrated, in Edgware Road; (6.5 a.m.) Messrs. Court's Bank in the Strand. The courageous action of a London hair-dresser, Mr. Childs, in hurling into the Thames a smoking suitcase left on the bridge, probably saved Hammersmith Bridge from more serious damage. Traffic was suspended and the bridge put under repair. Crude, home-made bombs appear to have been used; fortunately, no lives have been lost.



## A PAGEANT OF THE NEWS OF THE DAY—EVENTS ABROAD PRESENTED BY THE CAMERA.



A SUBMARINE BUILT FOR TURKEY IN GERMANY: THE "SAIDRAY," A LARGE VESSEL OF 934 TONS, RECENTLY COMPLETED AT KIEL.

Of the two submarines ordered by Turkey in Germany one has now been completed and the other was recently launched. The "Saidray" and the "Batiray" are both products of the Germania yard at Kiel. The "Saidray" seen here, has a surface displacement of 934 tons. She is armed with six torpedo-tubes, and mounts one four-inch gun and an anti-aircraft gun. (Planet.)



A DESTROYER BUILT FOR SOVIET RUSSIA IN ITALY: THE 3000-TON TASHKENT, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING TRIALS, WITHOUT HER ARMAMENT.

The large destroyer "Tashkent," built by the Italians at Leghorn for Soviet Russia, is handed over to the Russian authorities recently. This vessel was ordered by Moscow some years ago, in part payment of goods supplied to Italy, but delivery was delayed for considerable time. She is stated to have made 42 knots on trials, but as our photograph shows her steaming without her armament, it is possible that she ran these trials not fully equipped. (A.P.)



ITALY HONOURS BRAVERY IN AETHIOPIA AND SPAIN: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI DECORATING THE SON OF A DEAD PILOT ON THE SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AIR FORCE. (A.P.)

Air Force Day was celebrated in Rome on March 28, the sixteenth anniversary of the constitution of the Italian Air Force. It is interesting to see that this anniversary closely preceded the twenty-first birthday of our own R.A.F. The first part of the ceremony in Rome took place before the Altar of the Fatherland in the Piazza Venezia, where Signor Mussolini distributed 106 medals won by Italian airmen in Abyssinia and Spain. Civil and military authorities were assembled on the steps of the monument, and the great square below them was thronged by 18,000 officers, men and youths from the Air Force and from the various organisations which give young Italians preliminary training. It was reported by "The Times" that no fewer than 3000 of the airmen present had served with General Franco in Spain—an interesting indication of the extent of Italian intervention. After the presentation of the medals, Signor Mussolini proceeded to the Via dell'Impero, where he watched the march-past of the detachments which had paraded in the Piazza Venezia.



THE BELLICOSE SPIRIT IN ITALY: CONSCRIPTS MARCHING TO THEIR BARRACKS BEARING JINGOISTIC SLOGANS.

An interesting sidelight upon the bellicose spirit abroad in Italy is provided by this photograph of a batch of recruits of the 1918-19 class marching to their barracks in Rome accompanied by uniformed Fascists. The slogans they are carrying include "The Mediterranean is ours"; "Fascists are detestable"; "More guns, more ships, more aeroplanes"; "Woe to the unarmed!"; and the now familiar claims to "Tunis, Djibouti, Suez." (Wide World.)



ITALIAN AIRMEN WHO FOUGHT FOR GENERAL FRANCO, REPRESENTED AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE AIR FORCE ANNIVERSARY IN ROME: STANDARDS OF 15 "LEGIONARY" SQUADRONS PARADED BEFORE SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. (Wide World.)



IN THE NEW CZECH "CAPITAL" IN AMERICA: BOHEMIAN WAR VETERANS GUARDING THE CZECHOSLOVAK CONSULATE IN CHICAGO.

Naturally, the fate of Czechoslovakia has aroused great indignation in the U.S.A., where there are a million and a half people of Czech birth or ancestry. These have organised themselves as the Bohemian War Veterans, just as they did twenty-one years ago when the Czech State was founded at Pittsburgh. The new Czech "capital" is Chicago. Bohemian war veterans are here seen guarding the Czechoslovak Consulate in that city. The guard is maintained continuously during business hours. (Wide World.)



GENERAL FRANCO ENCOURAGES PHILOPROGENITIVENESS: THE SPANISH GENERALISSIMO, WITH DOÑA FRANCICA (BESIDE HIM), AND MOTHERS OF LARGE FAMILIES WHOM HE REWARDED.

This photograph is interesting as a record of how closely General Franco's régime is imitating those of Germany and Italy. It is plain that such imitation is more or less expected in Italy, where one newspaper (the "Telegrafo") recently suggested that "these Falangists who are so proud of their exploits must be given some national objective of glory and power. . . . Spain will demand that which was stolen from her during the years of her torpor." (Planet.)



A FORMER SPANISH REPUBLICAN DESTROYER HANDED OVER TO GENERAL FRANCO BY BRITISH AUTHORITIES: THE "JOSÉ LUIS DÍEZ" IN GIBRALTAR HARBOUR WITH NATIONALISTS ABOARD.

Shortly after Marshal Petain's arrival in Burgos, the "José Luis Díez" was handed over to General Franco by British naval authorities at Gibraltar. The "José Luis Díez" had been interned since December 29, when an attempt to leave Gibraltar Harbour was frustrated by Nationalist warships. The rest of the Republican fleet, which had sought refuge in Bizerta, and has now been handed over to General Franco, left Bizerta on April 2 under the command of Admiral Count Moreno. (Planet.)



HERR FUNK DECLARES THAT ANGLO-GERMAN TRADE TALKS SHO'D CONTINUE: THE PRESIDENT OF THE REICHSBANK ADDRESSING THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

On March 30 Herr Funk, President of the Reichsbank and Minister of Economics, delivered a speech to the Central Committee of the Bank in which he urged that the new situation in Central Europe should be accepted by foreign Powers. He said: "I regard the temporary embargo placed by Britain on the balances of a country which is now a protectorate of Germany as an action taken under the influence of the general confusion and insecurity. It is a sign of ignorance of the true situation." (Planet.)



INITIATING THE POLISH NATIONAL DEFENCE LOAN, WHICH HAS RECEIVED IMPRESSIVE SUPPORT: PRESIDENT MOSCICKI SIGNING THE DECREE FOR THE LOAN.

No surer indication of the alarm into which Poland has been thrown by the fate of Czechoslovakia could be given than by the enthusiasm with which the National Defence Loan has been welcomed by poles of all classes. Before even the subscription lists were officially opened contributions were received to the amount of £4,000,000. The loan is to be devoted to strengthening the Polish Air Force and to anti-aircraft defences. (Planet.)



GERMANY'S SECOND FULL-SIZE BATTLESHIP LAUNCHED: THE "TIRPITZ," WHICH TOOK THE WATER IN HERR HITLER'S PRESENCE AT WILHELMSHAVEN. (U.G.P.)

The second of Germany's full-size 35,000-ton battleships was launched at Wilhelmshaven on April 1 and named "Tirpitz" after the famous German admiral. She is a sister-ship of the "Bismarck," whose launch was illustrated in our issue of February 18. Herr Hitler was present, but the only speech made was by Admiral Von Trotha, who was Scher's Chief-of-Staff at the Battle of Jutland. Afterwards, speaking in the Town Hall Square, Wilhelmshaven, Herr Hitler delivered an oration mostly concerned with



A SPEECH ANXIOUSLY AWAITED, BUT IN THE EVENT, UNPROVOCATIVE: HERR HITLER'S ADDRESS AT WILHELMSHAVEN, AFTER THE LAUNCH OF THE "TIRPITZ." (A.P.)

Germany's foreign policy, and on the whole unexceptionable. He enlarged on the themes of the Treaty of Versailles and the pity of discontent supposed to have been pursued by Great Britain against Germany since 1914. He also said that the Anglo-German Naval Agreement was "in the desire of the British and German peoples not to go to war again, but that it that desire no longer existed in Britain the pre-condition of the Agreement had been destroyed.



# MADRID FALLS TO GENERAL FRANCO AFTER 33 MONTHS OF WAR: SCENES OF ENTHUSIASM IN THE CITY AS NATIONALIST TROOPS MARCH IN.



INVASION OF GENERAL FRANCO'S TROOPS INTO MADRID: NATIONALIST SOLDIERS  
WELCOMED WITH THE FASCIST SALUTE BY THE CITY'S INHABITANTS. (Wide World)



THE POLICING OF  
MADRID TAKEN  
OVER BY ARMED  
NATIONALIST  
CIVILIAN  
SUPPORTERS OF  
GENERAL FRANCO  
ON THEIR WAY  
TO OCCUPY  
IMPORTANT  
BUILDINGS.



GENERAL FRANCO'S AUTHORITY ESTABLISHED IN MADRID: NATIONALIST OFFICIALS  
WATCHING THEIR TRIUMPHANT TROOPS FROM THE FLAG-DRAPE BALCONY OF A FORMER  
REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT BUILDING. (Planet News)



A TOKEN OF SUBMISSION TO GENERAL FRANCO'S AUTHORITY: B  
WHITE SHEETS HUNG OUT ON THE BALCONIES OF HOUSES AS "WHITE  
FLAGS" AFTER MADRID'S SURRENDER. (Wide World)



YOUTH WELCOMES GENERAL FRANCO'S FORCES: GIRLS SALUTING THE OCCUPANTS  
OF A CAR WHICH THEY HAD UP FOR THIS PURPOSE. (Planet News)



SURRENDERED TO GENERAL FRANCO WITHOUT A SHOT BEING FIRED: STRONG  
FORTIFIED REPUBLICAN POSITIONS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MADRID. (Wide World)

On March 29, the Nationalist wireless station at Burgos broadcast the announcement: "The war has ended." On the previous day General Franco's troops had entered Madrid without a shot being fired, and so brought to a close the battle for the city which had lasted for thirty-three months. The troops defending Madrid had surrendered at dawn, and soon white flags appeared on the principal buildings, while secret supporters of General Franco in the city dressed themselves in Falangist uniforms and took over police

duties. The city was occupied by some 10,000 troops, led by the Lt. General Gambara, who were welcomed by cheering crowds waving National flags. Near the Toledo Bridge quarter bed sheets were hung from balconies as a token of submission. Perhaps the most welcome sight to the inhabitants of the city were the long columns of lorries organized by the "Auxilio Social" service, from which loaves, tins of meat and sardines were distributed to the hungry crowds, many of whom had received



# THE CHIEF STRONGHOLD OF REPUBLICAN SPAIN SURRENDERS: NATIONALIST TROOPS GREETED BY THE INHABITANTS OF A "FRONT-LINE" CITY.



THE INHABITANTS OF MADRID WELCOME NATIONALIST TROOPS: A LORRY LOADED WITH SOLDIERS PASSING THROUGH A CHEERING CROWD.  
*Photo: Wide World.*

RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES AFTER MONTHS OF WAR: CIVILIANS WHO FLED FROM THE CITY'S BATTLE ZONE WITH THEIR HOUSEHOLD GOODS. (*Wide World.*)



ENTHUSIASM FOR PEACE AFTER THIRTY-THREE MONTHS OF WAR: A SECTION OF THE CHEERING CROWD WHICH GATHERED IN THE PUERTA DEL SOL. (*Planet News.*)



"VIVA FRANCO!": A DENSE CROWD OF FORMER REPUBLICAN SUPPORTERS AND MEMBERS OF GENERAL FRANCO'S "FIFTH COLUMN" CHEERING NATIONALIST TROOPS IN MADRID. (*A.P.*)



MADRID RETURNS TO NORMAL CONDITIONS: A BRICK MACHINE-GUN POST AND SAND-BAG BARRICADES BEING DEMOLISHED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY. (*Wide World.*)



YOUTH WELCOMES GENERAL FRANCO'S FORCES: BOYS SURROUNDING THE CREW OF A NATIONALIST LIGHT TANK AFTER THE ENTRY INTO MADRID. (*Planet News.*)

food since their ration two days previously. In the streets, Republican soldiers could be seen returning to their homes and passing Nationalist soldiers with scarcely a glance in their direction. An unusual feature of the occupation was the entry of certain Nationalist officials by parachute. They were dropped from aeroplanes and, on landing, took over control of the power stations. Other officers arrived in the capital by taking the tube train with Republican troops. Madrid quickly settled down under the new authorities.

and on the day after the surrender civilians were wandering about the front lines, shortly before the scene of fierce fighting, while children searched for souvenirs among the debris. It is estimated that a sum of £50,000,000 will be needed for the reconstruction of Madrid, and that of the 200,000 buildings in the city, over 70,000 have been completely destroyed. In celebration of the Nationalists' success the Gran Via has been renamed "Avenida de Franco." On March 30, General Franco placed Madrid under martial law.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS :



SIR BASIL NEWTON.

Appointed British Ambassador at Baghdad in succession to Sir Maurice Drummond Peterson. Has been British Minister at Prague since 1927. Was acting Counsellor at Berlin from 1927 to 1929, and Counsellor at Berlin, 1930-35, and subsequently Minister there, 1935-37.



CAPTAIN A. O. HOPE.

Appointed to be Governor of Madras in succession to Lord Erskine, whose term of office expires in November. Has been M.P. (Con.) for the Aston Division of Birmingham since 1931, and Treasurer of H.M. Household since 1937. Was M.P. for the Nuneaton Division, Warwickshire, 1924-29.



COLONEL BECK.

Foreign Minister of Poland since 1932. Arrived in England on April 3 for a three-day visit, which has been of more than ordinary interest in view of the recent statement by Mr. Chamberlain that Britain would uphold the independence of Poland against aggression. It was expected that he would discuss the international situation with Lord Halifax and the Prime Minister.



MR. C. N. THORNTON-KEMSLEY.

Elected M.P. (Con.) in the by-election in the Kincardine and West Aberdeenshire Division on March 31. He had a majority of 1121 over his Liberal opponent. The by-election was caused by the appointment of Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey as Governor of South Australia.



GENERAL MACHADO.

Died on March 29; aged sixty-five. In 1925 was elected President of Cuba, and in 1928 was re-elected for six years. Was subsequently accused of violating the Constitution and instituted oppressive measures. In 1933 became absolute dictator, but in the same year was forced to leave the country.



THE GREAT £1,000,000 BARRAGE AT KUT, ON THE TIGRIS BELOW BAGHDAD, DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED BY BRITISH ENGINEERS: THE DOWN-STREAM SIDE OF THE BARRAGE, WHICH HAS A TOTAL LENGTH OF 1615 FEET, SHOWING THE RANGE OF 56 MECHANICALLY OPERATED GATES.

The Kut Barrage on the Tigris below Baghdad was inaugurated by King Ghazi of Iraq on March 28. His Majesty said that he hoped this was only the first of a series of big schemes for bringing progress and prosperity to the country. The Kut Barrage scheme was initiated by the King of Iraq in 1933, and in 1934 the contract for the carrying-out of the work was awarded

to Balfour, Beatty and Co., the contract price being approximately £1,120,000. The sub-contractors for the mechanical equipment were Messrs. Ransomes and Rapier, of Ipswich. The whole of the works were constructed to the design and specification of Messrs. Coode, Wilson, Mitchell and Vaughan-Lee, the consulting engineers of Westminster, London.



A CALL TO NATIONAL SERVICE IN THE CITY: A GIANT BLACKBOARD OUTSIDE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

In order to stimulate the flow of recruits to National Service, posters are now being exhibited in London and in the provinces, appealing for volunteers. In Trafalgar Square posters have been placed round the base of the Nelson monument. They bear a message which is the modern equivalent of Nelson's famous signal. In the City a similar appeal, written on a giant blackboard set up outside the Royal Exchange, has attracted a great deal of attention. Volunteers are particularly wanted for the Auxiliary Fire Service, whose duty it will be in wartime to patrol with mobile pumps, in readiness to deal with fires caused by incendiary bombs, while the London County Council wish to recruit 17,000 more women motor-drivers for training for ambulance work.



NELSON'S FAMOUS SIGNAL BROUGHT UP TO DATE: A NATIONAL SERVICE POSTER IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



APPEALING FOR RECRUITS TO THE A.F.S.: A POSTER OUTSIDE A FIRE-STATION IN CANNON STREET.



PREPARING FOR THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: THE ROYAL ACADEMY SELECTION COMMITTEE CHOOSING PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE SUBMITTED FOR THEIR INSPECTION.

On March 28 the Royal Academy Selection Committee began its task of choosing pictures and sculpture for the annual exhibition which opens at Burlington House on May 1. Our photograph shows (from l. to r.) Mr. W. R. M. Lamb, secretary; Sir Edwin Cooper, R.A.; Mr. Eric Gill, A.R.A.; Mr. W. Curtis Green, R.A.; Mr. R. G. Brandt, R.A.; Mr. O. Hall, R.A.; Sir Edwin Lutyens, President; Mr. G. Harcourt, P.A.; Mr. T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A.; Mr. A. Turner, R.A.; Mr. C. H. James, A.R.A.; and Mr. A. K. Lawrence, R.A.

Photographs by Lafayette, Universal, Associated Press, Wide World, Sport and General, General Photographic Agency, and Keystone.



THE KING AND QUEEN INSPECT THE NEW L.C.C. KINGSMEAD HOUSING ESTATE, HACKNEY MARSH: THEIR MAJESTIES WELCOMED ON ARRIVAL.

On March 30 the King and Queen visited the new L.C.C. Kingsmead Housing Estate, Hackney Marsh. Their Majesties were received by Mrs. E. M. Lowe, Chairman of the L.C.C., Mr. Herbert Morrison, and Sir Harold Webb, Leader of the L.C.C. Opposition, and were warmly welcomed by an enthusiastic crowd. The King and Queen entered several of the flats and talked with the occupiers.



# THE KING'S INSPECTION OF AIRCRAFT FACTORIES: HIS MAJESTY SEES THE LATEST R.A.F. MACHINES IN PRODUCTION.



THE KING WELCOMED AT MANCHESTER: AN EXCITED CROWD SURGING ROUND THE ROYAL CAR AFTER BREAKING THE POLICE CORDON WHEN HIS MAJESTY ARRIVED TO INSPECT MESSRS. A. V. ROE'S AIRCRAFT FACTORY AT NEWTON HEATH. (Planet.)

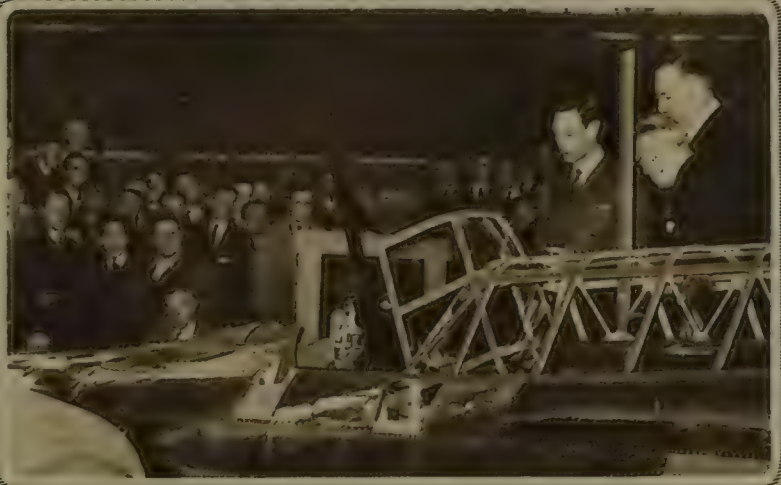


THE KING AT THE HEATON CHAPEL FACTORY OF THE FAIREY AVIATION COMPANY, WHERE THE FAIREY "BATTLE" BOMBER IS PRODUCED IN LARGE QUANTITIES: HIS MAJESTY TOURING THE WORKS WITH MR. FAIREY. (Wide World.)

(RIGHT.)  
HIS MAJESTY AT MESSRS.  
A. V. ROE'S MAIN FACTORY  
AT NEWTON HEATH:  
THE KING TOURING THE  
WORKSHOPS; SHOWING  
THE WINGS OF AN AVRO  
"ANSON" GENERAL  
RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT  
UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON  
THE LEFT. (Planet.)

ON March 31 the King made an informal tour of his Duchy of Lancaster and visited the Royal Ordnance Factory at Euxton, near Chorley, and aircraft factories in the Manchester district. The Royal Ordnance Factory at Euxton has been built within the last two years and consists of a small town of some 900 buildings served by fifty miles of roads. There are also thirty miles of underground passages with great bomb-proof shelters in which work could go on although an air raid might be in

[Continued below.]



EXAMINING A FAIREY "BATTLE" SINGLE-ENGINED BOMBER AT THE HEATON CHAPEL FACTORY OF THE FAIREY AVIATION COMPANY: THE KING HAVING THE MECHANISM OF A MACHINE-GUN DESCRIBED TO HIM. (Wide World.)

progress overhead. His Majesty later visited Messrs. A. V. Roe's factories at Ivy Mill, Failsworth, and at Newton Heath. Here the "Blenheim" bomber is being produced in large quantities, as is also the Avro "Anson" general reconnaissance aircraft, and the King was greatly interested in the structure of the wooden wings and fuselage of the latter machines. At the Heaton Chapel factory of the Fairey Aviation Company the King saw the Fairey "Battle," the fastest single-engined bomber in the world, in mass production. His Majesty particularly asked for a demonstration of the rear gun turret of these aircraft and was also taken into a private shed, where he was shown one of the new Fleet Air Arm machines which are soon to go into mass production.



HIS MAJESTY'S INTEREST IN THE TECHNICAL SIDE OF AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION: THE KING WATCHING THE JIGS REPLACED AFTER A FAIREY "BATTLE" BOMBER'S FUSELAGE HAD BEEN COMPLETED AND REMOVED. (P.N.A.)



## LONDON GETS TO KNOW ITS DEFENDERS: ANTI-AIRCRAFT WEAPONS AND A.R.P. DEMONSTRATED IN HYDE PARK.



THE DEFENCE OF LONDON AND NATIONAL SERVICE DISPLAY IN HYDE PARK:  
A DEMONSTRATION OF HOW A 3·7-IN. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IS BROUGHT INTO ACTION. (G.P.U.)



A DISPLAY WHICH ATTRACTED GREAT CROWDS TO HYDE PARK AFTER DARK: LONDON TERRITORIAL SEARCHLIGHT CREWS IN ACTION. (A.P.)



ONE OF MANY MODERN SMALL WEAPONS DEMONSTRATED: LONDON IRISH EXPLAINING A TRENCH-MORTAR TO AN INDIAN VISITOR. (Keystone.)



THE ASCENT OF A BARRAGE BALLOON, WHICH WAS UNPACKED, INFLATED AND SENT UP BEFORE A CROWD OF ONLOOKERS. (Fox.)



THE BREN GUN ON AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT MOUNTING: YOUNG PEOPLE INTERESTED IN A WEAPON BELONGING TO THE LONDON IRISH. (Keystone.)



THE 40-MM. LIGHT ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN, DESIGNED TO COMBAT LOW-FLYING RAIDERS, HANDLED BY TERRITORIALS. (Keystone.)



3·7-IN. A.A. GUNS, THE STANDARD WEAPONS OF THIS COUNTRY'S AIR DEFENCE; WITH GUN CREWS STANDING BY, AND PILES OF STACKED SHELLS. (C.P.)



A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CIVILIAN A.R.P. UNITS WHO PARTICIPATED: A GIRL AMBULANCE DRIVER. (A.P.)

The National Service display in Hyde Park on April 1 aroused the greatest interest among Londoners. Already at 4 o'clock, half an hour before the official time of opening, 10,000 people had gathered. The great interest was all the more remarkable in view of somewhat adverse weather conditions, which later prevented the display by fighter aircraft of the Auxiliary Air Force from taking place. Two barrage balloons were seen packed on their motor lorries and two others were flown over Hyde Park. Other demonstrations in the Park showed the working of the Army's most modern weapons. In one place an absorbed audience watched the method of laying an

18-pounder field gun, and in another the working of Vickers machine-guns was being explained by London Territorial instructors. In one place was a Bren gun; in another the 2-pounder anti-tank gun; in another the 40-mm. light anti-aircraft gun; in another the standard 3·7 anti-aircraft gun; in another the range-finder and predictor of an anti-aircraft unit. The London Volunteer Ambulance Service, the British Red Cross Society, the St. John Ambulance Brigade, the London Auxiliary Fire Service, and A.R.P. workers from the Westminster City Council A.R.P. Training Centre all gave demonstrations.



# The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

## PLAYS THAT ARE A PUZZLE.

SOME people complained of Mr. T. S. Eliot's new play in verse at the Westminster, "The Family Reunion," that it was obscure, and I do not see how he can altogether resent the charge. Having both read and seen this piece on the subject of a haunted family and the expiation of its sins, I must confess that "difficult" seems to me to be a justified epithet. At the same time, it is true that a great many people really like plays to be "difficult," just as they like their cross-words to be complicated and challenging. The obscurity gives them something to think over, talk over, wrangle over; something, as it were, to take home. Obscurity in the theatre is of many kinds. First of all there is verbal obscurity, which may happen in any kind of writing, but is the more culpable in the playhouse, because the audience can only hear the obscure sentence once. If you are reading a puzzling sentence, you can always go back and start to puzzle over it again. But, in the theatre, once you have lost grip on a line or a passage, you have lost it altogether. Therefore it seems obvious that obscurity is an even more pestilent quality in a play than it is in a book.

At this point, it may be fairly urged that the greatest of all British dramatists was often guilty of verbal obscurity. Shakespeare's general intentions were usually plain enough, but he was a quick and a careless writer, as Ben Jonson pointed out, and his carelessness is nowhere more apparent than in his most famous play, "Hamlet" abounds in confusions and contradictions in small matters, but these are not of such magnitude as to interfere with the play's colossal impact on the sensibilities of an ordinary audience. Shakespeare's chief verbal obscurities came later, when his mind was working at such an enormous pace and his facility of image was so rich that his invention altogether outran the recording hand. Thus metaphors became telescoped, and far too much was squeezed into a few lines. A late play like "The Winter's Tale" is especially full of that kind of obscurity. But the play itself, while the phrasing may often be cryptic, is not puzzling. Its plot is fantastic, even preposterous, but it is, like all Shakespeare's stories, intelligible, however unlikely.

The second kind of obscurity is that of meaning. It is possible to write plays in which every sentence is plain enough, but whose general purport is a matter of conjecture. This happens when the dramatist introduces symbolism, so that the audience is left to inquire and to discuss the question for what exactly does that phrase or character stand? This kind of mistiness I associate chiefly with the later plays of Ibsen. Is anybody quite certain what the symbolism of "The Wild Duck" and "The Master Builder" imply? Ibsen's last play, "When We Dead Awaken," is another example of the play which, instead of giving the audience plain instruction, challenges its members to use their own powers of interpretation. This species of play

always delights a certain, but small, class of playgoers. They can indulge in theories about the playwright's intention, and so exhibit their own cleverness in probing his purposes.

Ibsen's chief disciple and exponent in England, Mr. Bernard Shaw, has never, I think, been obscure either in phrase or in purpose. He may be wrong, but he is never vague: he may infuriate, but he never puzzles. His prefaces are composed in the most lucid, as well as the most

never seeming to be tiresome or pretentious

because of a refusal to make his meaning plain. I resent obscurity in the arts for two reasons. If a man cannot lucidly express what is in his mind, then he ought not to be a writer. If, on the other hand, the failure is caused by initial inability to think clearly, then the muddle-headed fellow ought not to break into print and so make matters worse.

There is really no defence for obscurity of self-expression in an educated man. That a person of little or no schooling

or reading should find himself baffled by the complexity of language and so unable to express himself fully is natural enough. Again, there is a fair plea available for the confused person who cannot sort out ideas at all, or so define words and phrases as to be strictly answerable for what he says. But there is no excuse for a mentally trained person, educated and accustomed to use words, should he be crabbed and cryptic. Browning, I know, will be cited as one whose undoubted and undenied poetic genius was accompanied, sometimes, but not always, by a considerable relish for packing his phrases too tight or tangling them knottily in the late Shakespearean manner. He must often have been almost entirely unintelligible to the meekly ardent young ladies in bonnets and bustles who hurried to join a Browning Society of fluttering fanciers congregating to discuss the import of Mr. Browning's last poem—and most puzzling till the next.

But I see no excuse for Browning's problem-poems, such as "Sordello." They were either an affectation or a curious mixture of compliment and insult to his public. He seemed to be implying one of two things. Either "You are so clever that anything simple and lucid will bore you," or "You are such humbugs and hypocrites that you are flattered by jargons and high-falutin' obscurities of speech. If, therefore, I give you a plain statement you, in your intellectual snobbery, will despise me." Very well, you want the best riddles: I have them." Let us hope that the former was his true opinion.

Any artist who takes that attitude manages to annoy a great many people while he fascinates the few. It may be, to return to Mr. Eliot, that "The Family Reunion" will not seem too deep or dark on the whole to the general playgoer, in which case it will be a great success, because it has a full measure of sinister atmosphere and dramatic tension. At the same time, if the average playgoer is

baffled, he will scarcely recommend his friends to go to it, and that sort of recommendation matters far more than any written criticism. For this, I think, is generally true about obscurity in the arts—that, while it gratifies a clique, it never pleases on a large scale. It may be retorted that this only proves the dullness of the myriad. Perhaps, but I fancy the myriad have an instinctive and a fully justified conviction that it is the business, after all, of those who would do our thinking for us to be able to think clearly, and no less clearly to express their thoughts.



JOHN THACKERAY, REJUVENATED: A SCENE FROM "THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET," AT THE NEW THEATRE, WITH LESLIE BANKS AS THE CRIMINAL SCIENTIST (LEFT) FACING MR. BUDD, AN INTENDED VICTIM (MORLAND GRAHAM).

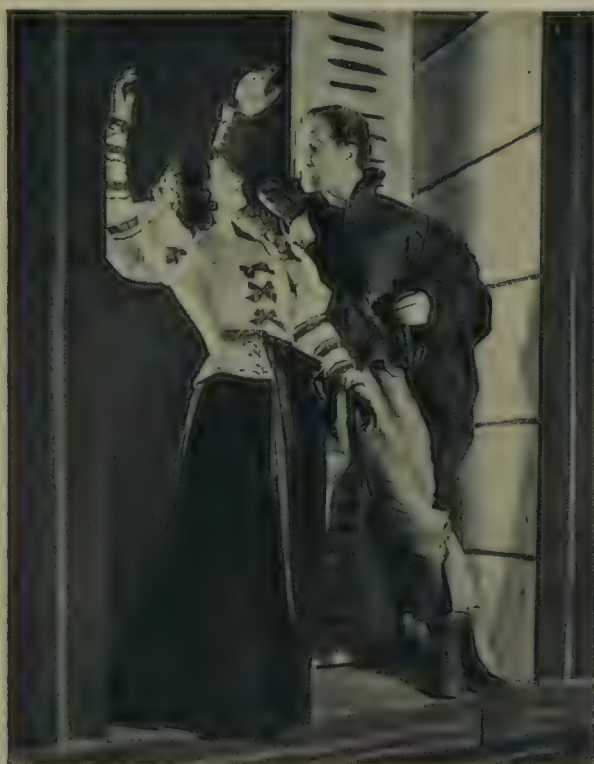
John Thackeray keeps his youth at the age of ninety by means of gland operations and he secures the necessary victims and keeps rich by persuading bank clerks to embezzle and abscond and then murdering them. In our left-hand photograph, his talk with Mr. Budd (Morland Graham) is seen interrupted by Betty Ryan (Ann Todd).



JOHN THACKERAY, BALKED OF HIS VICTIM AND CAUGHT BY THE POLICE, RELAPSES TO HIS REAL AGE—NINETY: THE VILLAIN OF "THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET" MEETS A GRUESOME END.



MR. TYRONE GUTHRIE'S LIVELY PRODUCTION OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," AT THE OLD VIC: PETRUCHIO (ROGER LIVESEY), AT LOGGERHEADS WITH KATHERINA (URSULA JEANS), TIES HER UP.



THE SHREW TAMED: KATHERINA AND PETRUCHIO GOOD FRIENDS—IN THE LAST SCENE OF THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION.

cogent, of English prose styles. What his plays have to tell us is hammered home by the prefatory explanation, as well as by the play itself: the latter might sometimes be misunderstood by an especially stupid person, but the former is direct instruction, which many will resent but none can misinterpret.

For my part, I salute G. B. S. as much for his clarity of mind and diction as for any other of his manifold and meritorious qualities. The same held of John Galsworthy, a man of many limitations compared with G. B. S., but





AN OBSOLETE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT  
THE ARCHLUTE OR THEORBO (17th Century)



A BENEDICTINE MONK WHO DID MUCH TO REFORM & SYSTEMATISE MUSIC:  
GUIDO D'AREZZO EXPLAINING THE NAMES HE GAVE TO THE NOTES OF THE SCALE.  
(11th Century)



OBSOLETE: THE REGAL, A PORTABLE ORGAN  
WHICH MIGHT BE CARRIED IN PROCESSIONS

## THE CHARM OF MUSIC.

SLAVES OF THE MICROPHONE.—By FRANCIS TOYE.

BRITISH musicians are rather pleased with themselves just now, pointing with justifiable satisfaction to two first-class orchestras, the something more than creditable achievements at Sadler's Wells, and a school of composition at least not inferior to the schools of compositions in other countries. I will not say that this optimism is, at any rate in part, unjustifiable, but there is one phenomenon that is indubitably disquieting, and it is this: everything and everybody exists by the kind permission of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Let us examine the matter a little. Suppose a composer were in the black books of the B.B.C. to such an extent that the music department of that august institution made up their minds that it was undesirable to provide any facility for the performance of his compositions in any of the concerts directly or indirectly under their control, what chances of recognition would he have? Very few. He would still be able to find an outlet for his chamber music and songs, and he might, if he were lucky and had the right kind of backing, be able to obtain an occasional performance of his choral work at the Albert Hall or at one of the provincial festivals. But his facilities for orchestral performances would indeed be limited, for, so far as I know, there is scarcely an orchestra of any importance in this country that is not to a greater or less extent dependent on a B.B.C. subsidy.

*A fortiori*, conductors, being primarily dependent on orchestras, might be even worse off; and the critics, those sea-green incorruptibles, are equally affected. Few critics nowadays are really independent of the B.B.C., which, by means of its publications and its talks, provides them with welcome opportunities to add to their usually exiguous incomes. Some of them, from force of character or circumstances, have been able to hold themselves aloof, but the temptation to "suck up," as school-boys used to say, to such a useful and powerful body must remain strong, too strong.

Again, I do not think that it is generally realised that institutions of such fundamental importance as the Philharmonic Society, Sadler's Wells Opera, and Covent Garden Opera could, in all probability, not exist at all but for the support received from the B.B.C. A speaker at the Critics, Circle Dinner the other night made this point, and there was a kind of subdued gasp from the assembly. Yet it is indubitably true, and the fact may as well be faced.

Now, no one has any right to throw stones at the B.B.C. in this matter. To the best of my belief, the B.B.C. have shouldered their responsibilities conscientiously and have behaved consistently in an honourable manner. I envisaged just now the theoretical possibility of a boycott on their part, but, so far as I know, no such boycott has ever been launched in practice. I am discussing these matters entirely from an abstract point of view. So far from blaming the B.B.C. especially, I blame almost everybody else more. We have been so sluggish, so apathetic, so short-sighted, that we have cheerfully allowed the B.B.C. to bear the main financial brunt of almost every important musical enterprise in this country. What can we show in England to compare with the committees that provide the backing for the great American orchestras? Or, if the United States be considered too rich for comparative purposes, what can we show to compare with the efforts made by the municipality and the citizens of Milan to continue, and even enhance, the glorious traditions of La Scala? The answer is . . . nothing. And this fact should also be faced.

So, as already stated, there is no escaping the fact that, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, we

are living on sufferance, our existence dependent in the ultimate resort on our microphone value. A sobering and, to me, repugnant thought.

There is no doubt, I fear, that this condition is likely to be a permanent one. Indeed, the microphone will probably become a factor more, not less, important in the

future of music. Whether allied with broadcasting, gramophone, or cinematograph, it will assuredly play an ever-increasing part in the fashioning of our musical destinies. In so far, then, as slaves may presume to mix themselves up with their masters' affairs, it behoves us to see that the microphone be made as humane and as efficient as possible.

The chances are not altogether bad. The improvement in mechanical music associated directly or indirectly with the microphone has already been very great. Take, for instance, what I believe to be the first manifestation of it, the phonograph. I had occasion the other day to listen to some of the earliest records; unless you knew that they were, in fact, the direct ancestors of the modern gramophone records, you would scarcely believe it. Not that the curve of improvement in this particular field has been consistently upward in every detail. For instance, in my opinion, the human voice was, if anything, more faithfully reproduced before the days of electrical recording, a fact of which I became very much aware during the presentation of some old gramophone records on the wireless a few months ago. But as regards the orchestra and the pianoforte—indeed, instruments of every kind—progress during the last thirty years has been so great as almost to lie outside the range of comparison. Which, since we live in an orchestral age, is, I suppose, of far greater importance.

Little need be said about broadcasting itself, for almost everybody can still remember its tentative beginnings, and consequently measure for himself the rate of progress achieved. The number of people content to receive their music *via* the wireless unquestionably increases every year; and, as the mechanics improve, and as the habit becomes more ingrained, will doubtless continue to increase with progressive rapidity. As yet, however, I see little sign of music being written exclusively, or even primarily, for reproduction on the gramophone or the radio. That is where the cinema and, in all probability, television come in.

Sound reproduction in alliance with the

film is still in its comparative infancy. It is difficult to realise that scarcely more than ten years ago orchestras in the more important cinema theatres were the rule rather than the exception. They have disappeared (one of the main reasons for the prevalent distress among the rank and file of orchestral players) and we shall never know them again. Music in conjunction with the film has come to stay, inevitably destined, so far as one can see, to take to itself an ever greater importance. Progress has already been rapid. My brother was quite right when he stressed the other day the significance of the fact that in the film of "The Mikado" for the first time soloists, chorus, and orchestra were *all* reproduced with some measure of fidelity. Previously, one or other of these indispensable factors had always had to be sacrificed to a greater or less extent.

Granted the normal rate of progress, this means that within ten years at the most the alliance of the film and sound reproduction will provide a truly efficient medium for composers. I have little doubt that before I die I shall have heard operas and operettas especially written for films, apart from any consideration of what we should now call actual performance. And the same will surely hold true of television, for, even as it is, the short wave, used in conjunction with television, ensures an exceptionally satisfactory musical reproduction. In short, our fate is sealed. I cannot pretend myself to view the prospect with equanimity, but a new generation, unencumbered by my prejudices, may well not find this brave new musical world so distasteful. All things said and done, it was the better, not the worse composers who, in the past, were the most ready to affront new conditions and to profit by new methods.



WHERE THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD WOLFGANG VON MOZART LIVED IN LONDON AND WROTE HIS FIRST SYMPHONY: NO. 182, EBURY STREET; SHOWING THE SPOT WHERE THE PLAQUE (RIGHT) WAS RECENTLY PUT UP BY THE L.C.C. TO COMMEMORATE IT

By the time Mozart, with his sister, mother, and father, arrived in Ebury Street (on August 6, 1764) he was already famous. With Marianne, his eleven-year-old sister, he had played twice before King George III. and Queen Charlotte: his father Leopold said the care shown the children exceeded that of any other Court. In No. 182, then in Fivefields Row, Chelsea, Mozart, helped by his sister, wrote his first symphony. The Mozart family left England in 1765.



GIGLI'S RETURN TO LONDON: THE FAMOUS TENOR, WHO ARRANGED TO SING AT THE ALBERT HALL ON APRIL 2.

Gigli is also appearing in nine performances at Covent Garden this season; in the operas "Tosca," "Traviata," and "Aida."



THE YOUNG ITALIAN VIOLINIST, GIORGIO CIOMPI, WHO ARRANGED TO PLAY AT THE WIGMORE HALL ON APRIL 4.



# HOOPS, CRINOLINES, AND BUSTLES: AN AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF DRESSES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



CONTEMPORARY WITH OUR FIRST ISSUE (1842): A BALL DRESS, PROBABLY AMERICAN, EXHIBITED AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.



WORN AT BALMORAL BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA WHEN PRINCESS OF WALES: A SATIN BALL DRESS IN THE ROYAL STUART TARTAN (1863).



OF PALE BLUE FIGURED SATIN, DECORATED WITH BEADS AND PEARLS: A DINNER DRESS OF C. 1885.



WORN AT THE DELHI DURBAR, 1903, BY THE THEN VICEREINE, LADY CURZON: THE MAGNIFICENT "PEACOCK DRESS."

The Exhibition of Victorian and Edwardian Dresses at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York (March 14-April 23), not only traces the changes in costume from the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign to the nineteen hundreds: it is also a record of change in the feminine face, physique and coiffure. The models represent the types of the women of the three periods: for the first, 1837-1860, a synthesis of Winterhalter portraits (sloping shoulders, small waist

and forward slouch); for the second, 1860-1890, a synthesis of Carpeaux' Second Empire femininity; and for the last a synthesis of the portraits of Sargent, and particularly of Boldoni (more erect posture, due, perhaps, to the beginning of feminine athletics). Changes are rung by altering heads and arms, maquillage and coiffure. Throughout must be remembered the effect of constantly altering modes of corsets. To-day's fashions largely reflect these periods.



# THE LEGACY OF AN UNKNOWN NIGERIAN "DONATELLO":

THE SIMPLE BEAUTY OF THE MYSTERIOUS BRONZE HEADS RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT IFE.

By WILLIAM R. BASCOM (Assistant in Anthropology, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois). (See also Illustrations on following pages.)

The discovery of the bronze heads illustrated on these pages will necessitate the revision of our estimate of the Negro bronze worker. Little that Italy or Greece or Egypt ever produced could be finer, and the appeal of their beauty is immediate and universal. Their date and origin is mysterious. They pose the question: "How, in a comparatively obscure corner of this vast and backward continent, could an art and a technique have flowered that take their stand beside the best ever evolved by the elaborate civilisations of Europe and Asia?" And why did the art equally mysteriously vanish?

THIRTEEN new bronze heads of the type peculiar to Ife, Nigeria, were discovered during the early months of 1938, while the writer was engaged in ethnological research in Ife as a Fellow of the Social Science Research Council of New York City, under the sponsorship of Northwestern University of Illinois, U.S.A. Eleven of these heads were uncovered at a depth no greater than two feet by labourers engaged in building a new house in a compound a short distance east of the palace of the Oni, the native ruler of the city.

Previous to this discovery there were, to my knowledge, only two bronze heads of this type in existence—that of the goddess Olokun discovered and publicised by Dr. Frobenius, and the mask-like Obalufon II. Similar modellings in terra-cotta, or clay, have, however, been found from time to time. Except for the two at present at North-

latter may represent tattooing, or some other form of facial decoration.

Except on the two heads having crowns, the boundaries of the head hair are marked by a series of perforations. In more than half the heads this same device delineates the areas covered by moustache and beard, indicating that these are male heads. Since we are dealing with discoveries from a period

in the past, it is, however, impossible to tell the purpose for which these holes were intended. They may have been simply a stylistic device to mark the areas covered with hair, or actual hair may have been attached to

this region. One theory, which is, however, by no means accepted by anthropologists, is that brass-casting in any form was unknown in West Africa until it was introduced by the Portuguese. This would date the heads after 1485. Yet while it is possible that the art of *cire perdue* casting, and even the particular style of these heads, was derived from outside Africa, it would seem entirely reasonable, failing proof to the contrary, to look upon this art as an indigenous development which, in the course of normal change, was followed at a later period by a different style. It must always be remembered that, though the cultures of West Africa are technically classed as primitive, since they are without writing, they manifest an order of complexity comparable to that of most literate, pre-machine-agesocieties.

Frobenius, upon his discovery of the Olokun head, gave its age as the first millennium before Christ; but this may be dismissed as little more than a guess. Since no one to-day in Ife knows how to cast these heads, and since pieces of brass that can be dated to fifty or a hundred years ago show a completely different style, the heads can be said with assurance to be more than a hundred years old. It may be possible to make a more definite statement as to the age of these heads, and, perhaps, as to their point of manufacture when the results of the chemical and spectrographic analyses being made at present at Northwestern University are available. A knowledge of the percentages of the copper, lead, and tin used in the alloy, and of such impurities as are present in it should indicate whether they were cast from trade metal brought from Europe, or were made from native bronze. A small glass bead that was found wedged far inside the nostril of the male head may possibly offer a clue as to the time of their burial.

The purpose for which these heads were cast seems indeterminable. They may have been portraits of rulers kept as a record; they may have been used as masks for the deities (*orishas*) of the kind worn to-day in rituals to the gods. In this case it would have been necessary that these heads, like some of the present-day wooden masks,



WHERE THE BULK OF THE MYSTERIOUS NEGRO BRONZES ILLUSTRATED ON THESE PAGES WERE DISCOVERED: A MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF IFE, WHICH LIES ABOUT 110 MILES N.W. OF BENIN CITY, IN SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

(Reproduced from "African Women"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Faber and Faber.)

the heads by means of them. Hair may have been inserted into the holes in tufts, or sewed to cloth fastened to the heads by means of the holes, or braided into strands which were run between opposite holes, as in the case of some of the wooden masks from the Cameroons. None of the bronze heads have the type of coiffure seen on present-day wood-carvings, however.

The extremely realistic treatment of these heads enhances their appeal and demonstrates the artistic sophistication of their makers. Ears, nose and mouth are all represented with an accuracy worthy to rank with the work of the truly great artists. This faithfulness to a naturalistic tradition applies to such details as the wrinkles in the flesh of the neck or the Mongoloid fold of the eye, something found with fairly high frequency among Africans. It would seem, as a matter of fact, that these heads are portraits rather than generalised conceptions of men and women. This is borne out by the variety of individual types which the heads represent. It is possible to identify almost the exact counterparts of these heads among the people of Ife to-day. Also, interestingly enough, striking resemblances between some of the heads and individual Negroes of the United States have been noticed. A large proportion of the ancestors of American Negroes are, indeed, known to have come from this region of West Africa.

Except for the Obalufon head, which has been polished, and that of Olokun, which, as a result of the sacrifices of blood and oil poured over it, is a brownish-black, the other heads are the green of oxidised copper, with flecks or patches of the reddish earth of Ife on them. In the process of cleaning the two heads at Northwestern University, it was found that paint had been applied to them. Eyeballs had been painted on the male head in three colours: a white background, a black pupil, and a red rim around the edges of the lid, while the diadem of the woman had apparently once been covered with red and black paint.



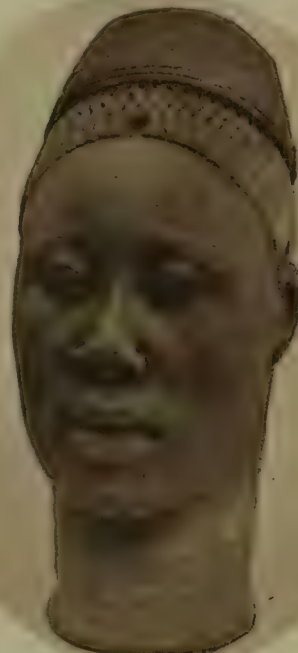
ONE OF THE BRONZES DISCOVERED AT IFE WHICH REVEAL A NOVEL ASPECT OF NEGRO ART: A HEAD WITH TRACES OF TWO BLACK LINES PAINTED FROM ONE TEMPLE TO THE OTHER ACROSS THE BRIDGE OF THE NOSE.

This head bears the parallel facial markings (apparently scarifications) which are found in many of the Ife bronzes. The modelling on the sagging lower part of the cheek and the wrinkles on the neck would seem to show that it is a portrait.

western University, Illinois, all of the bronze heads are to be seen at the palace of the Oni of Ife, together with a number of those in terra-cotta. Nine terra-cotta heads are in the Berlin Museum für Völkerkunde. Casts of these, and an original of this type from Modakeke, a suburb of Ife, are in the British Museum in London.

Since heads of this type are no longer made by the Yoruba of Ife, the technique by which they were made must be inferred. It is likely that they were cast by the *cire perdue* process, which is used to-day by the people of nearby Benin in making bronze heads of a comparable size, by the Yoruba for modelling smaller pieces, and by many other West African peoples in working brass. In this way the Ashanti make their gold weights, and the people of Dahomey their less well-known figures of men and animals. In casting these heads, which stand about twelve to fifteen inches high, the wax and subsequently the metal were laid down over a clay core in a layer of about three-eighths of an inch thick. An examination of the inside of the heads reveals that the core was roughly moulded to show the features, while in all except one of the heads a round, or a diamond-shaped, aperture is to be seen in the top of the head. All the heads which have the neck complete have holes piercing the neck near its base.

The incisions that mark the faces of nine of the fifteen heads may be regarded as the equivalents of the facial scarifications made by the Yoruba to-day. The natives point out that since none of the patterns of these to-day are the same as those on the bronze heads, the



THE NEWLY DISCOVERED BRONZE HEADS OF IFE PARALLELED BY SIMILAR WORKS IN TERRA-COTTA FROM THE SAME DISTRICT: A TERRA-COTTA SCULPTURE NOW IN THE PALACE OF THE NATIVE RULER OF IFE, AND IDENTIFIED BY THE NATIVES AS THE DEITY LAJUWA.

be worn on top of the head, rather than over the face. Yet the head of Obalufon is not only made in the shape of a proper mask, with no neck and no back to the head, but it also has slits under the eyes through which a person wearing it could look.

The natives believe these metal and terra-cotta heads to be the remains of actual deities, just as they hold the monoliths which stand in various parts of Ife to be the "staves" of the gods. Some of the heads are worshipped as specific deities to-day. Apparently Olokun was being worshipped when Frobenius discovered it; to-day her priest takes the head from the palace to its sacred grove for the annual rites. At the festival of Ija sacrifices made to three terra-cotta heads were witnessed. In the memory of people still living to-day some boys playing in the dirt discovered yet another bronze head, which a European is not permitted to see at all. It was decided that this must be the deity Moremi, and they turned it over to her priest. It is very probable that a number of other heads exist that are secluded as objects of active worship. It is agreed that the heads most recently discovered are also deities, but they have not as yet been identified. In this connection the natives consider it significant that the compound in which they were found is that of an early Oni, Wunmonije by name.

Most of the heads can be seen to have been damaged in some manner: the photographs given here were taken so as least to show these injuries. The face of one of the two not illustrated here was completely crushed, while the neck of the other had been broken off. Most of the rest are dented and cracked to varying degrees. All these places are corroded, and hence must be old; there are few breaks or scratches that can be attributed to damage done in the course of excavation.



THE SITE WHERE THE BRONZE HEADS WERE RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT IFE: EXCAVATIONS MADE DURING THE BUILDING OF A NEW HOUSE IN A COMPOUND NEAR THE PALACE OF THE NATIVE RULER.

The site is here seen after the first five heads had been removed. Two had been taken from just below the man on the right, and three from the doorway opposite him. The rest were found in levelling off the floors of the rooms.

At present it is impossible to date the manufacture of these heads or even of their burial. The depth of the earth deposit over them has no significance, since no pertinent geological or archaeological data are available for



## THE MYSTERIOUS IFE BRONZES: EXAMPLES OF AN UNKNOWN NEGRO ART.



ONE OF THE MOST MOVING AND MOST BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED OF THE BRONZE HEADS FOUND AT IFE, IN SOUTHERN NIGERIA: THE PROFILE AND FRONT VIEW OF A FEMALE HEAD; WITH FACIAL MARKINGS, AND WEARING A DIADEM WHICH BEARS TRACES OF BLACK AND RED PAINT.



TWO IFE HEADS OF MEN WITH FACIAL MARKINGS; THAT ON THE LEFT WITH THE MARKINGS DISCERNIBLE EVEN ON THE LIPS; AND BOTH HAVING THE ROWS OF HOLES ON THE CHEEKS AND ROUND THE LIPS WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN USED FOR THE ADDITION OF HAIR.

The woman's head seen in the first two illustrations on this page is the only bronze head (besides that of the goddess Olokun) yet found wearing a diadem. A very oriental look is given to the face by the eyelid of the upper eye being modelled to reproduce the "Mongoloid fold" occasionally found among Negroes. Both this head and the male head seen in the lower right-hand illustration are

preserved in the Northwestern University, Illinois, U.S.A. In this male head the diamond-shaped aperture at the top of the head, typical of these bronzes can be clearly seen. There is also a perforation at the base of the ear, with similar holes inside the nostrils. The slit between the lips also goes right through into the interior.



# MYSTERIOUS IFE BRONZE HEADS: AFRICAN ART WORTHY TO RANK WITH THE FINEST WORKS OF ITALY AND GREECE.



ONE OF THE NEGRO BRONZES DISCOVERED AT IFE, IN SOUTHERN NIGERIA, TECHNICALLY AND ARTISTICALLY ON A LEVEL WITH THE FINEST EUROPEAN WORKS.



AN IFE BRONZE HEAD; WITH A ROW OF HOLES ROUND THE LIPS AND OVER THE CHEEKS, POSSIBLY INTENDED FOR THE INSERTION OF HAIR.



AN IFE BRONZE HEAD WITH FACIAL MARKINGS, POSSIBLY REPRESENTING TATTOOING OR FACIAL SCARIFICATIONS.



POSSIBLY A PORTRAIT: A HEAD STILL DISCOLOURED BY THE SOIL IN WHICH IT WAS FOUND.



A HEAD BADLY DAMAGED IN THE PAST, AS WERE MANY OF THE EXAMPLES FOUND.



THE MASK OF OBALUFON II., FASHIONED WITH SLITS BELOW THE EYES, AND WITHOUT A BACK, AS THOUGH ACTUALLY INTENDED TO BE WORN OVER THE FACE.



BRONZES FOUND AT IFE: (LEFT) HEAD WITH FACIAL MARKINGS; (CENTRE) THE SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF OLOKUN, THE SEA GODDESS, EXAMINED MANY YEARS AGO BY DR. FROBENIUS; AND A MASCULINE HEAD OF A VERY FORCEFUL TYPE.

The bronze heads discovered at Ife, in Southern Nigeria, reveal the Negro bronze-worker as an artist of the first magnitude. Hitherto negro art has generally been synonymous with work of a subjective character, highly stylised, and generally marked by more or less subtle distortions, plainly the product of a mentality totally different from that of our own. But the appeal of the Ife heads is immediate and universal. One does not have to be a connoisseur or an expert to

appreciate the beauty of their modelling, their virility, their reposeful realism, their dignity and their simplicity. Mr. Bascom, the author of the article dealing with these heads, on page 592, suggests that the heads may be portraits. No Greek or Egyptian sculptor of the best periods, not Cellini, not Houdon, ever produced anything that makes a more immediate appeal to the senses, or is more completely satisfying to European ideas of proportion.



# A SUNKEN SHIP BECOMES A JETTY: DJIBOUTI'S INGENUOUS EXPEDIENT.



AS SHE APPEARED ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO, AFTER ATTEMPTS TO REFLOAT HER HAD BEEN ABANDONED AS USELESS: THE PARTLY SUBMERGED WRECK OF THE "FONTAINEBLEAU," A MAIL-BOAT WHICH RAN AGROUND MORE THAN TWELVE YEARS AGO IN DJIBOUTI HARBOUR.



NOW COVERED WITH A CASING OF CONCRETE: THE USELESS HULL OF THE MAIL-BOAT "FONTAINEBLEAU" BECOMES THE FONTAINEBLEAU PIER; WITH A FRENCH WARSHIP SEEN MOORED ALONGSIDE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

These photographs of recent construction work in Djibouti harbour have a particular topical interest in view of Signor Mussolini's demands about that region. Readers will recall his speech of March 26, in which he said: "The problems outstanding between France and Italy . . . are Tunis, Djibouti and the Suez Canal. The French Government is perfectly free to refuse even to discuss these problems, as it has done with its too often repeated and perhaps too categorical 'Never, never, never.' But it will not be in a position to complain if the trench [dividing the two countries] becomes so deep that the task of crossing it

becomes more arduous, if not impossible." The top photograph, taken only a few months ago, shows the hull of the mail-boat "Fontainebleau" which, after fire had broken out on board, ran aground in Djibouti harbour on July 14, 1926. She was *en route* from Marseilles to Yokohama. Two years later attempts to refloat her proved vain, and she was left half-submerged, lying on the bed of mud, over 21 feet in depth. Now, covered over with cement, stone and concrete, she has become Fontainebleau Pier, a jetty which will be of great use to the port, and, as shown here, large enough to be used by warships.



# A MASTER OF THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP.

"A NUMBER OF PEOPLE": By SIR EDWARD MARSH, K.C.V.O.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SOME of my readers, like myself, may have seen extracts from Sir Edward Marsh's memoirs when they were serialised in a newspaper. Doubtless they were well chosen from the paper's point of view. But they dealt mainly with Sir Edward's encounters with persons of social and political eminence and hardly suggested the richness and range of the book or its interest as frank, though never effusive, autobiography. Revealing as are Sir Edward's portraits of the politicians, notably Mr. Churchill, with whom, as a Civil Servant, he worked, and delightful as are his stories about those circles of witty and handsome people in which, when younger, he spent his leisure, and to which our inchoate and worried society seems unlikely to produce successors, it may well be that, when most of the Cabinet Ministers and duchesses of our day have gone into oblivion, posterity will cherish his book because of its pictures of the writers and painters whom he has known, and many of whom he has helped.

On the "helping" side of his activities he says little: those who were privy to it have always regretted that somebody did not leave him a half a million. But he does disclose the way in which, on two occasions, he suddenly saw a great light. He started early, with discrimination and frugality, loving old English masters, and soon found himself with a beautiful collection of water-colours and one of the best Richard Wilsons in the world, which has been earmarked, by the Trustees and himself, for the National Gallery.

Suddenly it dawned upon him that the Old Masters were already very well looked after by persons richer than himself, and that, anyhow, they themselves were beyond profiting by patronage; the man who really wished to assist artists should assist living ones, and could do so, especially if they were young, at small expense. The result of that revelation is that Sir Edward now possesses, in his chambers at Gray's Inn (where the masterpieces, as it were, are crowded on both sides of the bathroom door), a collection of modern British paintings and drawings which can scarcely have a peer in private hands. And in 1911 he, who had won the Senior Chancellor's (Classical) Medal at Cambridge and been an omnivorous reader of the established poets, realised in a flash that much the same thing applied to the poets. It was in 1911. His first stimulus to read them came from Francis Meynell. And then, "There was a general feeling among the younger poets that modern English poetry was very good, and sadly neglected by readers. Rupert announced one evening, sitting half-dressed on his bed, that he had conceived a brilliant scheme. He would write a book of poetry and publish it as a selection from the works of twelve writers, six men and six women, all with the most convincing pseudonyms. That, he thought, must make them sit up. It occurred to me that as we both believed there were at least twelve flesh-and-blood poets whose work, if properly

"Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912," and its four successors. Sir Edward explains that he did not attempt a sixth collection because public interest was waning and the huge sales were no longer kept up. It is bad reasoning; another collection, to-day, when authors and public alike are so oppressed by contemporary events and disputes that they spare little attention to the Muses, would be even more

describing him as 'a man of remarkable concinnity of mind.' This is the kind of praise that blesses both him who gives and him who takes. The other bishop was the great Stubbs, who, in company with four strapping sons on a walking tour, slept the night at an inn where Gosse was staying in some remote part of France. Next morning the landlady came to Gosse with an air of concern. 'Pardon, monsieur—that gentleman who was here last night—those four young men—is it true that they are his sons?' Gosse told her they were. 'Oh, monsieur! Quel cynisme!'"

The reader of this book, with its ease and elegance, its humour and wit, its diversity of interest and narrative skill, may wonder why its author has not been a more productive writer—though those who are unaware of it may be told that he has already produced a beautiful translation of La Fontaine which it is not conceivable that any one will ever surpass. His own answer would probably be (apart from a modest protestation of lacking gifts for anything but the gentlemanly arts of translation and "memoirising") that he has always preferred to employ his leisure in that social existence which so freely sprinkles his pages with the names of the great, the witty and the beautiful, and that his pen has been a great deal more active than he is able to admit.

He is discretion itself about the services which he performed for that series of Cabinet Ministers who found him indispensable. But he does let one harmless cat out of the bag. "When Winston Churchill left the Government in 1915 and went to command a regiment in France, Mr. Asquith lifted me off the beach into his Private Office, where I am afraid I was something of a fifth wheel on the coach; but anyhow, I did score two small successes. The first, which I mention from pure vanity, was when the Prime Minister had to give an address at the memorial service to Captain Scott in St. Paul's Cathedral. He was far too much entangled in pressing work to write it all himself, so he asked me to make him a suggestion. I did my best, and when the time came he actually delivered my speech with little alteration. Next day a letter came from a lady in the country who said she always read and admired his speeches, and pasted most of them into a book, but this was by far the best he had ever made."

And I don't suppose this was the only occasion, by a long chalk, on which Sir Edward composed for a politician a speech which won vicarious laurels. He is no great public speaker

Sonnet

Oh! Death will find me, long before I die  
Of watching you; and turning me suddenly  
Into the shade and loneliness and silence  
Of the last land! These waiting minutes  
One day, I think, I'll feel a cold wind blowing,  
See a strong light across the Stygian tide,  
And hear the Dead about me stir, unknown,  
And trouble. And I shall know that you have died  
and watch you, a broad-browed and smiling dream,  
Pass, light as air, through the lightless hot,  
Quietly, under, still, and sure, and gleam—  
Not individual and bewitching ghost!—  
and turn, and too your brown delightful head  
Anon, among the ancient Dead.

Rupert Brooke

March 24 1912

ONE OF THE CHIEF TREASURES OF THE "LITTLE BOOK" IN WHICH SIR EDWARD MARSH PERSUADED ALL THE POETS HE KNEW TO COPY OUT A POEM APiece: A PAGE INSCRIBED WITH RUPERT BROOKE'S SONNET "OH, DEATH WILL FIND ME!"

In "A Number of People," Sir Edward writes: "In 1911 Lady Diana Manners gave me for Christmas a little sixpenny paper book on the cover of which she had painted in water-colour the most ravishing Dream Ship. . . . I couldn't bring myself to profane it with 'Addresses' or telephone numbers. . . . I had an inspiration; I would ask all the poets I knew to copy out in it a poem apiece. I made a beginning at once: as time went on I had to get it bound up with extra pages; and it now represents just under a hundred names."

valuable than the earlier ones. The "Rupert" of that passage is Rupert Brooke, whose life Sir Edward wrote and whose poems he edited. There is a whole long chapter about him, with a great many interesting supplementary facts; there is a chapter also on Maurice Baring; there is much about D. H. Lawrence; and the three seniors, Robert Bridges, Edmund Gosse, and Henry James, are grouped together in a chapter, and all—for they were all original and forceful personalities—come amusingly to life. Stories sprang up wherever Gosse, with his shrewd eye and knack of crystallising and heightening scenes in a phrase, chanced to go. "Wilfrid



"BAR AND HEVA BATHING"; BY WILLIAM BLAKE: AN INTERESTING PICTURE INCLUDED IN HERBERT HORNE'S COLLECTION OF SOME TWO HUNDRED DRAWINGS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL, WHICH WAS PURCHASED BY SIR EDWARD MARSH.

Squire states: "A third figure, Mnetha by name, lies reclined on the farther bank of the bath, and a good deal of her person is concealed behind the two bathers; but Blake has not been hidden, so that their length is prodigious. When visitors have had their fill of reverent gazing, I sometimes relax the tension by quoting Alice: 'All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.'"

Reproductions from "A Number of People"; by Courtesy of the Author and the Publishers.

thrust under the public's nose, had a good chance of producing the effect he desired, it would be simpler to use the material which was ready to hand." Hence the volume,

Blunt used to say that you could put ten per cent. on to any story by making its leading figure a bishop. I can't take this advantage here, for both my next items are already about bishops. One was Elliott of Gloucester, who made friends with Gosse on a holiday abroad, and delighted him beyond measure by



"EDWARD MARSH, CIRCA 1904"; FROM A PAINTING BY SEVILLE LYTON: THE AUTHOR OF "A NUMBER OF PEOPLE" AT THIRTY-TWO YEARS OF AGE.

himself; a juvenile illness left him with a voice which Mr. Churchill humorously described as "that resonant organ." But were all his hidden activities exposed, he might, for all we know to the contrary, be revealed as like Burke—a great orator on paper.

There are many illustrations—too many, alas! portraits of brilliant young men of the "missing generation." Sir Edward was always fortunate in his friends; since he can not say it himself, I may be permitted to add that his friends have always been fortunate in him—the most loyal, considerate and helpful of men.

\*"A Number of People," By Sir Edward Marsh, K.C.V.O. Illustrated (Heinemann and Hamish Hamilton: 15s.)



# This England . . .



*Nr. Clifford, Herefordshire*

GOOD news it is that our English farmhouse cheese is come again to favour. For here is an ancient craft, compound of wisdom and experience in generations of mothers and daughters for the sustenance of their men. For must you not know the evening from the morning milk, the state of the pastures, the very nature of your cows, if you are to make good cheese? Our new-found "nutritional experts" do praise cheese, but we of this grey-skied isle have long known it for a storage of sunlight—like our beer. When you are hungered in a humble place do you not know by instinct that a piece of farmhouse cheese and a measure of Worthington will set you up—nay, taken as a habit, may yet impart that rollicking health your fathers knew on this same wholesome fare.







THERE appears to be a not uncommon misconception about the term "glass picture": many people suppose it has something to do with stained glass. Actually, it has as much connection with the

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. OLD ENGLISH GLASS PICTURES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

and the Colours, which are in Oil, warranted to stand when Price and Time are given. Ladies, or Gentlemen, having Family, or other Prints in their Possession (though a little damaged), may have them carefully coloured after the original Picture, if to be seen." Later comes a particularly interesting note: "Prints prepared for Painting, with Colours ready Ground, suitable for the Purpose," which shows very clearly that the art of making glass pictures was often practised at home by amateurs like lacquering ("japanning," as it was called), and similar elegant diversions. Modern imitations, not too good, and invariably smelling of new varnish, are fairly numerous: if your eye is not a certain guide, your nose should be an infallible one.

Details of the process appear to have been published as early as 1700 in "Polygraphia; or the Art of Drawing, Engraving, Etching, Limning, Painting . . ." By William Salmon, M.D. Here is the gist of the worthy doctor's advice "of laying prints upon glass." (The passage is too long for exact quotation.) "Steep the prints 4 or 5 hours in warm water. Cover the glass with Venice turpentine. Take the print out of the water, lay it on a clean napkin and press. Lay the print on the glass. Then wet the back side of the print, and with a bit of Sponge or your finger rub it lightly over, to rowl off the paper by degrees: but carefully avoid rubbing it into holes, especially in the lights which are most tender"—that is, the print must be laid *face downwards* on the prepared glass. The design should now be visible from the back of the print with the paper removed. Then comes the painting, the instructions for which leave nothing to chance: thus—"To paint a Humane Body; and first the Face. Glaze and touch the deep shadows thinly with Lake,

shadow with Vermilion, yellow Pink and white. Give some touches on the strongest lights of the Face, as top of the Nose, Forehead, by the Eyes, Mouth and Chin, with a Color made of white, pale Masticot, or yellow Oker, and a little Vermilion, mixed as you shall see fit, etc., etc."

All this was done on the back of the glass. When finished, the glass was turned round, framed—and



1. ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF OLD GLASS PICTURES TO BE INCLUDED IN THE FORTHCOMING SALE OF THE WINKWORTH COLLECTION: AN EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF GEORGE II., BY S. RAVENET AFTER D. MORIER. (24 in. by 18 in.)



2. AN OLD GLASS PICTURE FROM A FRENCH ORIGINAL IN WATTEAU-LIKE STYLE: "MORNING"—ONE OF A SET BY RICHARD HOUSTON AFTER A PAINTING BY PHILIP MERCIER, A FRENCH ARTIST WHO SETTLED IN LONDON. (18½ in. by 14½ in.)

pictures in church windows as "the Oxford Group" has with Oxford—in other words, none whatever. The design on stained glass is drawn and painted, and then baked in an oven at a temperature of about 600 deg.; a "glass picture" is a far more modest affair, very little more than the transfer of a mezzotint engraving on to a sheet of glass, which is then coloured by hand. The design is not "fixed" by heat. The things are amusing and often charming, not as works of art, but as survivals of a fashion which lasted more than a hundred years, and did a lot to bring colour and romance at a small cost into innumerable eighteenth-century homes. A well-known collection—that formed by the late Stephen Winkworth—is coming up for sale at Sotheby's on April 20, and this dispersal provides an unusual opportunity for the curious to study for themselves in great detail the rise and fall of this peculiarly English minor craft. The illustrations on this page are necessarily in monochrome: it must be understood that the originals glow with soft colour. That, indeed, is the reason for their existence: the things were produced because an engraving is dark—that is, the ordinary mezzotint.

Let us see what their makers said about them. One man, Joseph Staton, of Parliament Street, was obliging enough to stick his label on the back of one of the glass pictures in the Winkworth collection, and this is how he advertises himself: ". . . takes the Liberty of informing the Nobility, Gentry, Merchants, Captains of Ships, and Public in General, that after upwards of twenty Years Experience, and indefatigable Application, has now brought that pleasing Art of Colouring a Mezzotinto Print on Glass, to such Perfection, as to exceed all other Colouring whatever for the Print way, as it bears the liveliest Representation of real Painting,

there was the mezzotint metamorphosed into something rich and rare by eighteenth-century standards.

The sale catalogue, carefully and well documented, contains a useful index of contents and index of artists, and the range of the collection can be gauged from the fact that there are 166 lots, some of them comprising several items, by 121 artists, among whom Thomas Gainsborough, by an obvious slip of the pen, has been given a knighthood—he deserves that and more, but I'm afraid posthumous honours cannot be officially recognised! Many of these names are, naturally, of comparatively unknown engravers, who popularised the pictures of the great by means of prints—for example, T. Burford, who made prints after paintings by Lancret, James Seymour, D. Morier, etc. (this last believed to be the earliest pictorial representation of a Dalmatian dog).

One of the finest items is illustrated in Fig. 1, the equestrian portrait of George II. by S. Ravenet, after D. Morier (Ravenet worked in London, painting at the Battersea factory, York House). That is one type of glass picture—the official portrait. Fig. 2 is a good example of the agreeable, slightly sentimental kind—one of a set of four after Philip Mercier, the Frenchman who settled in London and sometimes came very near to the style of Watteau: a set called "Morning," "Noon," "Evening" and "Night," showing the same girl in various dresses.

Fig. 3 is one of many sporting items after James Seymour, in this case the second of a set of four: "Mare and Foal," "Grooming the Horse," "At the Chase," and "Returning from the Chase"—all very typical of mid-eighteenth-century country pursuits.



3. ONE OF MANY SPORTING ITEMS AFTER JAMES SEYMOUR IN THE WINKWORTH COLLECTION OF OLD ENGLISH GLASS TRANSFER PICTURES: "GROOMING THE HORSE," FROM A SET OF FOUR—"THE LIFE OF THE HORSE"—BY FRANCIS JUKES. (14½ in. by 12 in.)

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.

brown Pink and Varnish; and the white Speck and black Ball of the Eye, as the Print shall direct you; also the round white Ball of a convenient colour. Make the Lips of a fine Red with Carmine or red Lake: the dark side of the Face



# DUNLOP Fort.



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## BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued from page 579.)

bird of great antiquity and rare intelligence, but, having lived for endless generations, he may have left behind him all the foolishnesses in which we humans to-day are involved, and have acquired, in that germ-free and healthy atmosphere, a quiet philosophy, tolerance, a curiously open and interested mind."

Exceedingly attractive pictorially, with literary merit much above the average, is "THE OCEAN TRAMP." By Frank C. Hendry ("Shalimar"). With coloured Frontispiece, 16 other Oil-Paintings in monochrome, and 57 Pen-and-Ink Drawings by Frank H. Mason, R.I. (Collins; 21s.). Mr. Frank Mason's admirable marine work is, of course, very familiar to our readers from many examples reproduced from time to time in *The Illustrated London News*. Mr. Hendry's very readable letterpress comprises a general account of "tramps," first under sail, and later under steam, together with some stirring episodes about individual ships, both historical and fictitious. To the historical category belongs a record of an act of heroism performed at the opposite pole of temperature to that in which Captain Scott and his companions met their end. The story relates how a steamer left St. Pierre, Martinique, just after the terrific eruption of Mont Pelée, in May 1902. After describing its arrival at St. Lucia, Mr. Hendry continues: "To illustrate the condition of the steamer which Captain Freeman and his men brought away from the flaming holocaust of St. Pierre, and steamed to safety across sixty miles of the Caribbean Sea—it was three days before the dust on deck and in the holds was cool enough for the labourers of Port Castries to handle; and they took 120 tons of dust out of the steamer. To illustrate the condition of her captain—he was three weeks in hospital before he could raise his hands to his face. It is characteristic of tramp captains to act promptly, and in a seamanlike manner in any emergency, no matter how sudden and tremendous; it was the endurance and the disregard of physical agony displayed by Captain Freeman throughout the whole of that fated day that put him on a higher plane than most of his fellows. In spite of its tragedy, the escape of the *Roddam* from St. Pierre is one of the most inspiring episodes in the annals of the British Merchant Service. For heroism, it deserves to rank with the defence of Rorke's Drift in Zululand, twenty-three

years before; for endurance, with Captain Scott's march back from the 'South Pole ten years after."

In conclusion, I must mention very briefly two other works of a nautical character, one concerned with war and preparations for war; the other with sport. The first of these is "THE NAVY FROM WITHIN." By Vice-Admiral K. G. B. Dewar, C.B.E. With 8 Illustrations (Gollancz; 15s.). The author, it may be recalled, was the central figure in the "Royal Oak" case. His attitude is to some extent critical and controversial. The other book—a large and lavishly pictured volume—is "THE YACHTSMAN'S ANNUAL AND WHO'S WHO," 1938-9. Editors, K. Adlard Coles and Terence L. Stocken. With 470 Illustrations—Photographs and Drawings (Witherby; 21s.). This title-page, I think, sufficiently explains itself among those who know.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HEAVEN AND CHARING CROSS,"  
AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

THIS is a grim drama of the small-shopkeeping class. But the author knows his subject. He has not contented himself with a peep through a lace-curtained window and visualised a household of misery grouped round an aspidistra on the parlour table. His characters are real people, and, therefore, they are full of humour. Most of them are contented with their lot. The boys have their fags, the girls their bits of finery. Jane would as soon ride pillion on Jack's motor-bike as queen it in a Rolls-Royce. Mrs. Norman keeps a small newspaper shop in the north of London. Miss Mary Clare plays the rôle of Mrs. Norman extraordinarily well. She is a good, if not always a fair, mother. The house is tidy, and there is food for all. But the one thing most people crave for, love, is lacking. It is all lavished on a worthless son. Poor, plain, humpbacked Lily (perfectly played by Miss Jean Sheppard) craves for the affection that is never shown her. Her mother treats her kindly, but for Lily kindness is not enough. Mr. Frederick Peisley has at last conquered his mannered way of speaking. He is supremely natural as the spoilt son. Charlie has no particular vices. His worst fault is a dislike for work. He loves Bella, who has too flamboyant a personality to meet with the approval of the Norman family. The Normans

are all "ever so respectable," and have nothing in common with girls who linger outside picture palaces in the hope of finding an escort. Charlie Norman, the son, being in the habit of taking Bella to the "ninepennies," is thrown aside when a wealthier admirer treats her to the "eighteenpennies." So Charlie kills her and throws her in the canal. His terrified return home, and confession to his mother, is an effective scene. There is an extremely pathetic final curtain. Charlie, running from the police, is killed by a bus. The bereaved mother stands in stony grief. Poor, unloved Lily holds her arms out: "Mother," she cries, "you've still got me." But the mother turns aside, fingering her beads, the last gift of her son. The son, mother and daughter make an unusual triangle, and most of the drama centres round them. But minor rôles, taken by Mr. George Carney, Mr. Alban Blakelock, Miss Helen Goss and Mr. Cyril Smith, provide plenty of humour, and all are excellently played.

"LADY FANNY," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Miss Lucie Mannheim has proved herself a talented actress. One still remembers her double rôle in "Nina," and her more recent Norah in "The Doll's House." But her judgment of plays does not equal her skill as an actress. What she could see in this concoction it is difficult to realise. It is adapted from a thirty-year-old farce by the late Jerome K. Jerome, and the records do not show that it was very successful even then. The prologue takes place in 1770, when one learns that Lady Bantock was having an affair with a red-headed stableman, named Bennett. The action then shifts to Brussels at the present day: a small variety hall in which Polly Bennett is performing. The present Lord Bantock falls in love with her, marries her, and at home she finds herself surrounded by relatives, the Bennetts being hereditary retainers to the Bantock family.

On the "World of Science" page, in our issue of March 25, the statement was made that the Vaynol herd of white cattle, kept at Vaynol Park, near Bangor, was extinct. We have received a letter from the Vaynol Estate Office in which it is pointed out that this is not so, and that, in fact, there are forty head of these cattle left on the Vaynol estate. We have much pleasure in printing this correction and offer our apologies to Sir Michael Duff Assheton-Smith, owner of the herd.



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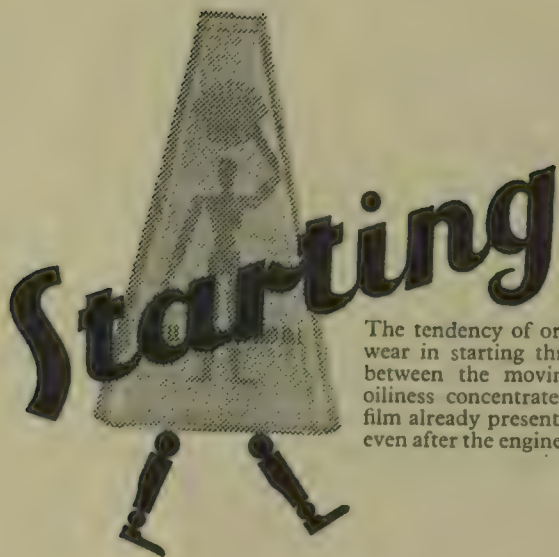
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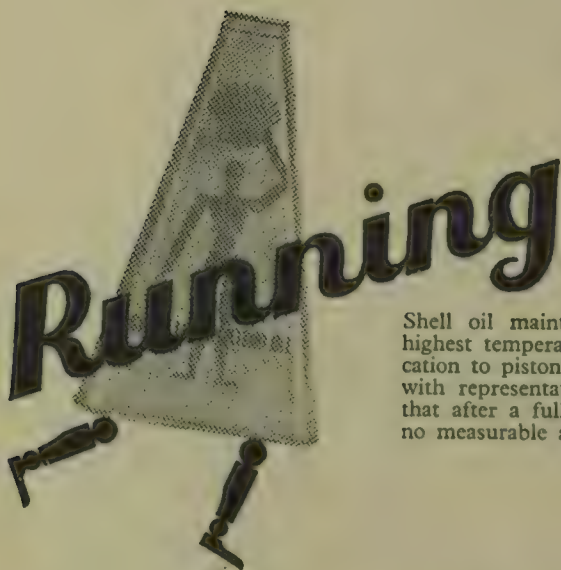




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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

MR. JOHN COBB is to make another attempt to gain the world's land-speed record during August with his special Napier-engined Railton racer. So also is Mr. Abner Jenkins, who, like Cobb, wishes to get some of the records now held by Captain George Eyston with his Rolls-Royce racer. Mr. Jenkins will make his first attempt on the long-distance records, and then hopes to be able to put into his special Duesenberg chassis two Allison engines of 2500 h.p. in place of the Curtiss twelve-cylinder non-supercharged engine of 700 h.p. on which he is relying for the long-distance efforts. These Allison engines are built specially for U.S.A. naval aeroplanes, and it seems doubtful whether that Government will let any of them be sold into private hands. Mr. Jenkins also hopes to be able to supercharge the Curtiss engine and get



OUTSIDE A PICTURESQUE COTTAGE IN BERKSHIRE: THE NEW SERIES "E" SIX-LIGHT MORRIS LIGHT FOUR-DOOR SLIDING-HEAD SALOON.

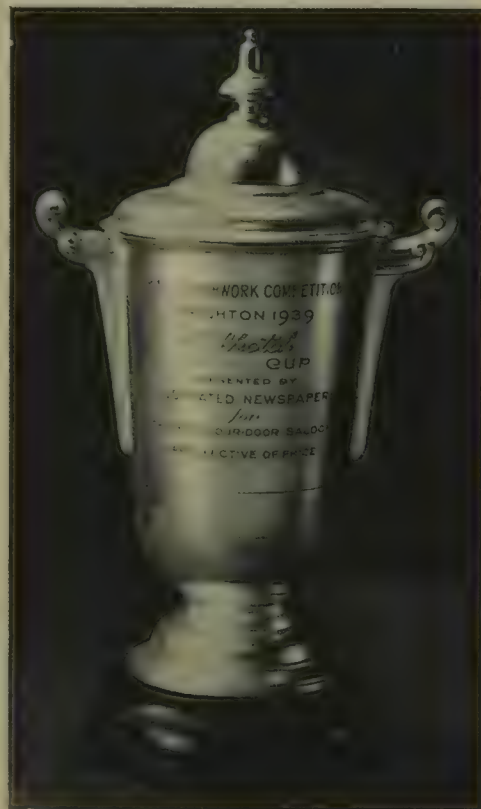
Features of this new model, which sells at £149, include greater roominess, luggage boot with external access, and an improved engine with four-speed synchromesh gear-box.

1200 h.p. out of it instead of the present 700 h.p. If that is a success he thinks of putting two of these engines in the chassis designed by Mr. "Augie" Duesenberg to drive all four wheels, and then will try to win the mile and kilometre records from England—now held by George Eyston. On the other hand, John Cobb hopes to raise the present records of 355½ m.p.h. to 400 m.p.h.

Easter Monday Motor Race meeting at Brooklands should attract a record crowd if the weather is at all favourable, as spectators will see a fierce battle between the principal racing drivers competing for the Road Championship and the £100 first prize over 10½ laps of the Campbell road circuit. In addition there are Mountain Handicaps over five laps and Outer circuit speed events over 9 miles. How skilful and speedy must the driver and car be to enter these events is best realised when it is known that no car will be accepted as an entry if it cannot lap the Outer circuit in two minutes, the Mountain circuit in 1 min. 10 sec. or the Road circuit in 2 min. 43 sec.

Our English girls made an excellent showing in the French Rally, and there are a number of women entered for the R.A.C. Rally, April 25-29. The French "Paris to St. Raphael" gave Miss Haig, in her M.G., first place in the 1800-c.c. class, and Mrs. Kay Hague, in her Riley, second place. Miss Patten's Peugeot won her the third prize in the 2200-c.c. class, and although Mme. Simon's Hotchkiss gave that lady first place in the general formula result for the Rally, Miss Haig, in her M.G., was placed second

as well as making the fastest time in the flying kilometre; England did well in this international women's motor contest. In the R.A.C. competition, women drivers of open cars up to 10 h.p. in Group 1 are Miss R. M. Lambert (M.G.), Miss S. J. L. Baskin (Talbot), Miss M. B. G. Cooke (B.S.A.), and Miss L. J. Thomas (Morris). In Group 2 up to 10-h.p. closed-car entries there are Miss I. C. Schwedler (Hillman "Minx"), and Miss M. V. Milne (Singer). Group 3 open cars up to 15 h.p. have Lady Mary Grosvenor (Riley), Miss B. J. M. Streather (Atlanta), and Mrs. Kay Hague (Riley). Miss E. Hore-Ruthven (Riley). Miss A. Finch Hatton (Triumph), Miss O. Bailey (Rover), and Miss V. J. M. Stephenson (Wolseley) are the lady drivers in Group 4 closed cars up to 15 h.p. Miss Streather has also entered her "S.S." in the Group 5 over 15-h.p. open-car class, and has as her rivals Mrs. H. Wood (Frazer Nash B.M.W.) and Miss D. M. M. Stanley Turner (Alvis).



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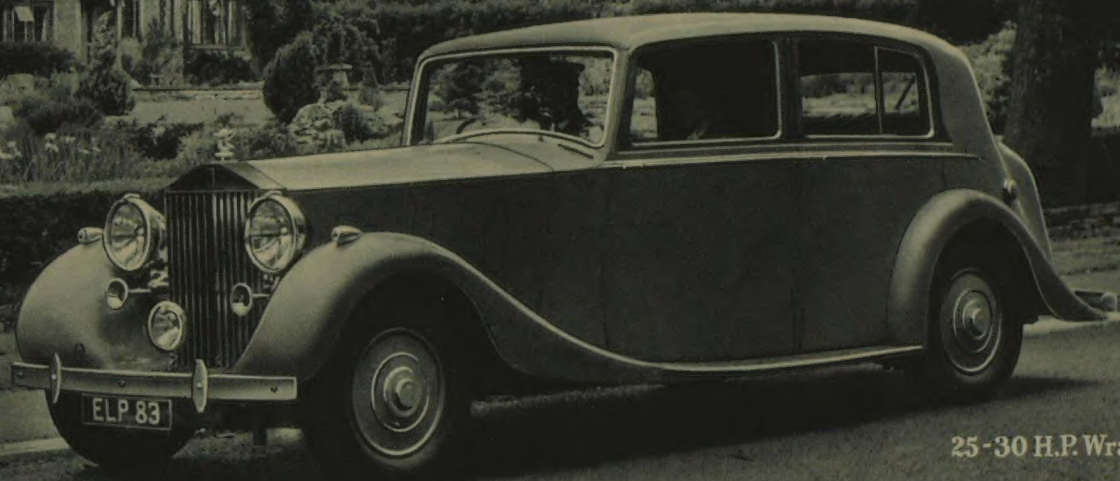
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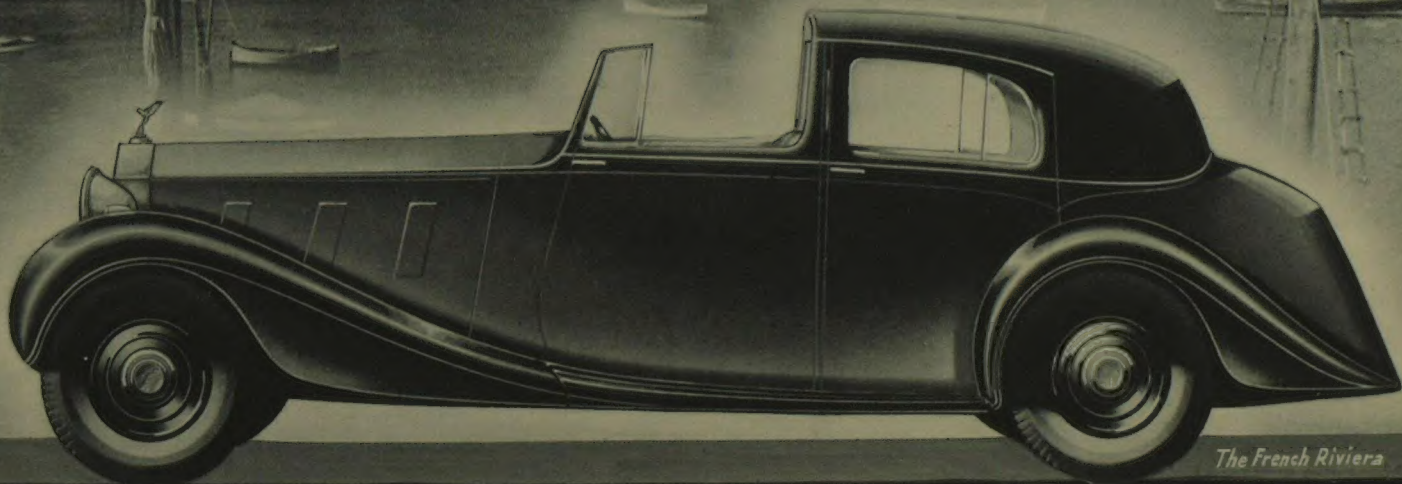
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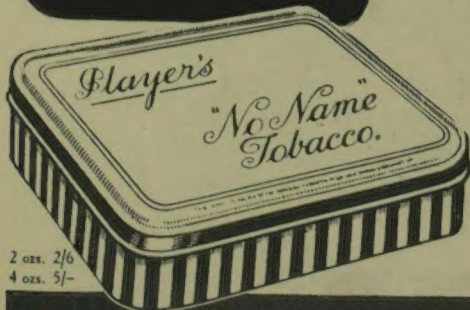
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## NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

### THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

THERE is no finer mountain playground in the world than the Canadian Rockies, for they comprise every form of mountain scenery imaginable—isolated snow-capped peaks, great ranges with vast glaciers and snowfields, huge massifs of limestone dominating the landscape like some mighty fortress, and with outlying crags weathered into fantastic shapes; cascades, waterfalls and glacier-fed lakes, mirroring on their placid surface the forms of towering fir-trees lining the slopes of encircling hills; lofty plateaux, covered with grass and shrubs, and carpeted in summer with wild flowers; precipitous canyons, along the sides of which roads have been cleverly carved; and lovely wooded valleys, traversed by swift-flowing rivers, with stretches of rapids over which the waters thunder in mist and foam. It is a region of wild, romantic beauty, and the grandeur of its mountains is unsurpassed.

Besides two railways, there are fine motor-highways which thread their way in many directions amongst the Canadian Rockies, opening up vast tracts of scenery known hitherto only to the Indian and the pioneer. Over 500 miles of motor-highways and secondary roads have been constructed, and these not only link together the various holiday resorts, and "feed" the principal stations of the railways, but also connect with the national parks—great stretches of territory, including some of the finest scenery and noted for the great variety of wild life within their limits. This wild life receives rigid protection, and visitors are now able to see fine specimens of deer, elk, and bear at close quarters, and it is a fairly common sight to see big-horn sheep cropping the grass by the roadside! The possession of firearms in the national parks is strictly prohibited, but there are no restrictions on the carrying of cameras, and visitors are able to obtain exceedingly interesting snapshots of wild life. As fields for outdoor recreation, the national parks are ideal. They provide opportunities for motoring, riding, fishing, climbing, swimming, hiking, canoeing, golf and tennis in the summertime, and for ski-ing in winter; and trail-rides are organised in summer which enable the wonders of some of the more remote parts of the parks to be seen. Near-by hotel accommodation, of a high standard, enables those who wish to enjoy the facilities offered by the parks to do so in comfort. There are also very comfortable bungalow-camps, and the provision of motor camp sites has made it possible for the motor-tourist to visit the parks without great expense.

The largest of the parks is Jasper National Park, 4200 square miles in area, which is made up of a series of almost parallel mountain ranges, whilst the wide



A DELIGHTFUL CENTRE FOR A RESTFUL HOLIDAY IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES: EMERALD LAKE, IN THE YOHO NATIONAL PARK; SHOWING MOUNT BURGESS TOWERING ABOVE.

central valley of the Athabaska River cuts through the entire region. The scenery is wild in the extreme, the variety and profusion of wild flowers is astonishing, and near by is the great Columbia ice-field, reputed to be the largest deposit of ice south of the Arctic Circle. Banff National Park, the oldest of the parks, covers an area of 2585 square miles and contains some of the finest scenery to be found in the world; whilst its wild life includes specimens of nearly all the big-game indigenous to the Rocky Mountains. It takes its name from Banff, the principal tourist centre of the Rockies, and the seat of administration for the park, which has a superb setting, nestling in the green valley of the Bow River, and encircled by high mountain peaks, most of which have a height of more than a mile from the valley floor. Admirably organised as a tourist resort, it has one of the finest of the world's hostels in the Banff Springs Hotel, so situated that from it the view of the Bow River and the mountains is magnificent. Other of its attractions are excellent baths, with hot sulphur springs, a wild animal paddock, a very interesting museum, and a remarkable rock-garden. As a centre for motor-excursions and trail-rides, it is unsurpassed, for many of the beauty spots of the park are within easy reach, and it has a golf course which is magnificently laid out.

Another charming resort in the Banff National Park is Lake Louise, on the shore of a lake surrounded with wild flowers of vivid colouring, sides of fir-clad slopes, and open at the end to a majestic glacier, over the face of which the varying lights of the day play with ever-changing hues. Château Lake Louise has splendid accommodation for the tourist, and it is a centre for excursions to Moraine Lake, Lake Wapta, the Plain of the Six Glaciers, the Saddleback, the Lakes in the Clouds, Paradise Valley, the Giant Steps, and the Great Divide. An altogether delightful centre for a quiet, restful holiday is Emerald Lake, in the Yoho National Park, on the west slope of the Rockies. You get to it from Field, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, by a straight two-mile motor-road, lined by tall trees, with a splendid view of snow-clad peaks at the end, and discover it to be a mountain paradise—a lake of emerald, shading to jade-green, wooded hills gently sloping to its surface, backed by snowy heights, and for resting-places, numbers of charming little bungalows scattered amongst the woods, a retreat where you really come under the spell of the Canadian Rockies!





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## ITALY'S CLAIMS AGAINST FRANCE:

THE QUESTIONS OF SAVOY, NICE, CORSICA, AND TUNIS HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

By G. F. Morrell, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S. (See also Map on a previous page in this issue.)

ITALY'S existence nowadays as an independent State is largely due to the part played by France and Britain in the middle of the last century; but while that of Britain was chiefly diplomatic and sympathetic encouragement to the Piedmontese to found a modern united Italy, the assistance of France took a most practical form, even to the extent of fighting for Italian independence. Thus it came about that, in 1858, Napoleon III. entered into the schemes of Count Cavour, the Italian statesman, for removing the centuries-old Teuton domination. Before 1859 the nucleus of modern Italy consisted only of Piedmont and Sardinia, ruled by Victor Emmanuel II., grandfather of the present King Victor Emmanuel III. It was an odd combination of peoples, Sardinia having never before been united with Piedmont, the union resulting merely from a treaty exchange. Austria, who had acquired Sardinia from Spain, in 1713, ceded it to Piedmont in 1720, in exchange for Sicily. We see how far the ramifications of Teuton domination extended in Italy a couple of centuries ago.

In 1859, Austria ruled the rich plains of Lombardy and Venetia, while the Trentino area formed part of Austrian South Tyrol. The dukedoms of Parma, Modena and Tuscany were independent principalities. To gain Lombardy and oust Austria was essential to any extension of Victor Emmanuel's rule. This was effected chiefly by means of French assistance, in 1859-60, when the defeat of the Austrians at Magenta, and again at Solferino, by the combined French and Italian armies, resulted in Lombardy being ceded to the Piedmontese. With the acquisition of Lombardy it became possible to plan the extension of the sovereignty of Victor Emmanuel and the schemes of Count Cavour. The disturbed condition of the other states of Northern Italy facilitated their incorporation with Piedmont in 1860. As this could not be done in the face of Austrian opposition without the aid of France, it eventually came about that, as a *quid pro quo* for the latter's help and acquiescence in the changes, the small provinces of Nice and French Savoy on this side of the Alps were given to France. Actually it was restitution, for the inhabitants, strongly French in sympathies, had been severed from France, much against their will, in 1815.

Nice and French Savoy are geographically better aligned with France, being on the French side of the Alps. Since the days of Francis I. the contemporary of Henry VIII., when France possessed this Savoy

region, France has maintained a claim, which, however, was relinquished after Waterloo. Then, in 1860, Napoleon III. practically had these provinces thrust upon him by Victor Emmanuel II., partly in gratitude for past favours, but chiefly with a view to further assistance from France, for Venetia still remained Austrian and Cavour's dreams and schemes were extending, while nothing whatever could be done without France. So Cavour, the founder of modern Italy, and the greatest statesman she has produced, justified the recession of Nice and Savoy to France by seeing that it was the "will of the people." His foresight saw the advantages of self-determination, even in those days, and in this case a plebiscite decided in favour of union with France by the enormous preponderance of 563 to 1: out of over 130,000 votes it is on record that only 235 wished to remain Italian. Their descendants have shown no sign whatever of having changed their inclinations, and it would be interesting to know whether King Victor Emmanuel III. has now really any desire to reverse the most wise policy of his grandfather and the great Count Cavour.

We know that eventually the Piedmontese, largely as the result of the efforts of the arch-revolutionary Garibaldi, carried their conquests further than the French or, indeed, the rest of Europe cared for, by despoiling the Papal States and capturing Southern Italy. However, Naples, in some ways, was not an unwilling victim when promises of a good time under a new and good Government were dangled before the eyes of the masses. Thus a succession of old and picturesque principalities passed away, to give place to one; and that burdened with the support of a large army and navy with exhausting taxation in the effort to become the sixth Great Power of Europe. The French exercised a restraining hand in defence of Rome for the Popes, until the fall of Napoleon III., in 1870, permitted the capture of the city, in defiance of all previous agreements by the New Italy.

Britain throughout favoured and aided the growth of this New Italy, even down to the time of the conquest of Tripoli from Turkey, in 1911-12, when Italy was the first State to set aside the famous Berlin Treaty, which had kept Europe at peace for thirty years. This despoliation of Turkey started a series of sequels in south-east Europe which led directly to provoking the Great War. It is a historical fact beyond question that, without the assistance of France and the goodwill of this country, Italy could never have become a nation or a united people. For German and Austrian force and influence had kept Italy in a state of disunion and tutelage for 1500 years—indeed, ever since the days of the Roman Emperors.

Germany is now only fifty miles from the Adriatic and adjoining the provinces of Istria and the Trentino.

These were taken from Austria twenty years ago, after being in her possession for several generations. Another "Sudeten" area of discontent is simmering there, and when Germany decides to claim these lost territories, as doubtless she eventually will, in order to be astride Europe and on the Mediterranean, Italy would find that Corsica and Tunis would have been dearly bought, even if acquired with Germany's assistance now. If by losing the paternal and saving friendship of France and Britain she had, in consequence, to sacrifice so vital a part of her so-called redeemed Italy, as Istria and the Trentino, and so become entirely at the mercy of Germany, her plight would rather resemble that of Czechoslovakia. Moreover, the Adriatic would then cease to be what it is now—practically an Italian lake.

The lesson should be obvious from recent events. Mussolini has been disastrously out-manœuvred by Hitler in the matter of Austria, which was to have remained Italy's safeguard and buffer state. Affairs are going from bad to worse for Italy in south-east Europe; yet the Fascist régime continues provoking and alienating those who have ever been the best friends of the New Italy that came into being eighty years ago. Friends who neither menace her territories or well-being. Tunis could have become Italian for the taking in 1878, but she had neither a Cavour nor Mussolini then. Italy was, I believe, given the hint, but in those days the Bey of Tunis might have been as difficult a problem to tackle as was Abyssinia a few years later. So France took Tunis over in 1881. She made a great success of it in the interests of everyone, including the Bey and a very large Italian colony of close upon 100,000 (who much prefer Tunis, with all its fanciful disabilities for them, to Italian Tripoli, to which they could easily trek). As for Corsica, though united to Genoa in the Middle Ages, it never became Italian. It was bought by France in 1769, and is therefore hers by right of purchase. The Corsicans, as has been recently proved, have no wish for it to be otherwise.

The fact that Corsica, Tunis, and, for that matter, Malta also, were once Roman gives modern Italy no more right to them than she has to France, Britain, or a large part of Europe and Asia. Far from being Roman, with a continuous history, modern Italy has, we see, had only eighty years' existence. Fascism was unheard of some twenty years ago, when French and British troops were in thousands lining the banks of the Piave, in Northern Italy, stemming the tide of Teutonic invasion which the Italians found it difficult to do by themselves. History has a curious way of repeating itself, and it would be well if the Italians would read it the way the world reads it, instead of the way they are taught it by Fascism.

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